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THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

THE conflicting reports of the intentions of the Turks, the Albanians, the Montenegrins, and the great European Powers are not the less confusing because they may perhaps all at short intervals of time be successively true. The SULTAN's caprices vary from day to day; the Albanians incline to yield or to resist according to the news from Constantinople. Sometimes it is said that the Catholic Albanians regard without repugnance annexation to Montenegro, in the hope that the eventual result would be absorption in the Austrian Empire. They may perhaps overlook the almost certain contingency of a preliminary war; for Russia would unquestionably not surrender without a struggle the Principality which has so long served as an outwork against Turkey. The Mahometan Albanians alternately profess their devotion to the SULTAN, and their determination to assert their independence if they are deserted by their natural sovereign. The most prudent of all the parties to the local struggle appears to be Prince NIKITA of Montenegro. He is said to have agreed to abandon his claim to Dinosh and Gruda on condition of the peaceable surrender of Dulcigno. Some newspaper Correspondents add that the PRINCE not injudiciously declines to risk the lives of his subjects in an enterprise which the European Powers are, in his opinion, pledged to accomplish. He is perhaps entitled to assume that a powerful fleet has not been collected on the Adriatic coast for the mere purpose of looking on while the Albanians, the Montenegrins, and perhaps the Turks decide their quarrel. The only flaw in his supposed reasoning is that he possibly attaches too definite a meaning to the supposed European concert.

A Correspondent who seems to be well informed publishes unsatisfactory accounts of the state of feeling in the harbour of Ragusa. The Italian contingent, by some awkward misunderstanding, neglected to salute the Austrian flag; and, though the mistake was afterwards corrected, it may have left disagreeable feelings behind. Much stress is laid on the tact and good sense of Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, who is fortunately the senior Admiral of the squadron. The reporter significantly adds that no influence of manner or character can effectually repress the bad temper and ill-breeding of others. The delay of the French ships in arriving naturally suggested a doubt whether their Government was hearty in the cause; but they arrived at last. It is still uncertain whether the commanding officers of the contingents are furnished with identical instructions applicable to the various contingencies which may occur. The English Admiral gives technical and professional orders; but he must consult his colleagues on political questions. No troops are to be disembarked; but the Admirals have power to bombard. The critical Correspondent is disposed to think that intervention would be most advantageously undertaken by the English squadron alone; though it would be a strange result of the laborious efforts to establish a European concert if only one of six Powers were at the last moment prepared to act. The centrifugal forces betray their existence at every moment; yet it must not be forgotten that the motives which induced the Powers to agree on the so-called demonstration will continue to operate until the object is finally attained. The fleets have not been ordered to Ragusa for the purpose of illustrating the vacillation and bad faith of the respective Governments. It is possible that the calculated delays in-

terposed by the SULTAN may be directed rather to the postponement of the question of the Greek frontier than to the avoidance of the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. If any want of harmony among the combined Governments or their naval representatives should disclose itself during the present operation, the Turkish Government would be encouraged in its resistance to the decrees of the late Conference at Berlin.

The proverbial method of maintaining peace by preparation for war appears in recent times to have superseded all friendly or philanthropic methods. Every overture made by one Government to another indicates hostility to a third Power. When Prince GORTCHAKOFF a year ago made advances to France, he was actuated by resentment against Prince BISMARCK for his share in the Treaty of Berlin. The proposal was immediately followed by the virtual alliance between Germany and Austria which elicited from Lord SALISBURY too outspoken an expression of satisfaction, while it suggested to Mr. GLADSTONE the suspicion of a conspiracy against the pretensions of his Serbian and Bulgarian clients. It is now stated that a more definite proposal of an offensive and defensive alliance was made by Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and unaccountably communicated by M. WADINGTON to Prince BISMARCK. Mr. GLADSTONE's wanton and unstatesmanlike attack upon Austria, and the threats which he insinuated even in his apologetic letter to Count KAROLYI, have been answered by the recent visit of Baron HAYMERLE to Prince BISMARCK. Neither statesman is likely to have apprehended an alliance between England and Russia which should extend to concerted warlike operations; but Germany may perhaps have undertaken in certain contingencies to support the extension of Austrian dominion which Mr. GLADSTONE denounced in an offensive phrase. It is believed that Italy has, in consequence of differences with France on some African subject of dispute, indicated a disposition to join the league of Germany and Austria. M. GAMBETTA's late speeches, though they admit of a more favourable interpretation, have been understood at Berlin as threats. That Powers all reciprocally jealous of one another have been induced to concur in a measure which is almost an act of war might be regarded as a triumph of English diplomacy, if the objects and motives of the naval demonstration were intelligible and certain. One incidental and advantageous result of the combination is the impediment which is offered to separate action on the part of Russia. The enforcement of one of the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin is clearly within the competence of the signatory Powers, though it is not known how far they insist on their right.

It is extremely doubtful whether they will be even approximately unanimous on the more important question of the addition of territory to Greece. The cession is not imposed on Turkey by the Treaty of Berlin; and France, which originally proposed the aggrandizement of Greece, has, for reasons which have not been fully explained, declined to enforce the recommendation. On the other hand, the present English Government cordially supports the claims of Greece to which Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY had apparently become indifferent. Austria and Germany take no active interest in the matter; but Russia will not be indisposed to furnish an excuse for the revival of agitation in the Slavonic provinces. The Greek armaments, though they are ostentatiously pro-

secuted, will probably exercise little influence on the result. The Turks, with the aid of the Albanians and the Mahometan residents in the territory in dispute, will be more than a match for the Greek levies. Before the struggle commences the SULTAN and his advisers will ascertain whether they have to apprehend the interference of the Great Powers. There is for the present no want of apparent unanimity. All the Ambassadors at Constantinople have agreed to the comments which are supposed to have been drawn by Mr. GOSCHEN on the Turkish project of reform in Armenia. As might be expected, the representatives of the Powers remark that no sufficient guarantee is given for religious equality, and that the more urgent duty of protecting the peaceable population against the Kurds and Circassians is not sufficiently provided for. They might have added that a more plausible document would have had little value, as long as the central and provincial administrators are inefficient and corrupt. If it is true that Colonel BAKER has been placed at the head of the armed police, the appointment is worth many projects of reform. If he has at his disposal a force paid with moderate punctuality, he will not fail to deal vigorously with the freebooters who are the worst of many evils. Mr. GOSCHEN has probably discharged his duty of remonstrating and threatening with vigour and assiduity, but he can scarcely have used stronger language than that which was habitually addressed to the Porte by Sir H. LAYARD under the instructions of Lord SALISBURY. The only recent change is the substitution of collective warnings and threats for the separate remonstrances of the English Ambassador. The SULTAN may perhaps be puzzled by a unanimity of which he may have some reason to doubt the genuine earnestness.

M. DE FREYCINET AND THE CHAMBER.

UP to this time M. DE FREYCINET has undoubtedly shown that his determination to take a line of his own on the question of the religious orders is something more than a mere whim, or than an impulsive attempt to manifest his independence of M. GAMBETTA. Whatever may be the issue of the present Republican rebellion against the leader of the Left, it promises, if M. DE FREYCINET goes on as he has begun, to give France a second politician of the first rank. Hitherto among working Republicans there has been only one. Since M. DUBAURE's resignation the Republican Cabinet has been merely M. GAMBETTA's warming-pan. The puppets were put into their places and taken out of them again just as it suited his sovereign will. Down to this time, too, M. GAMBETTA has been justified of his puppets. The best evidence they could give that they were in their proper places was to show that they were fit for nothing better. That M. DE FREYCINET will succeed in carrying the Chamber with him is certainly improbable. Whether he is right or wrong in the estimate he has probably formed of the state of public feeling on the question of the decrees, there is no apparent reason to suppose that the existing deputies are inclined to waive or even delay their execution. When M. DE FREYCINET spoke of the dissolution of the Jesuit establishments as a concession to the feeling of the Chamber which had made it possible to pursue a more conciliatory policy in regard to the other orders, he may really have been thinking of the constituencies. They may be disposed to draw a distinction between one order and another, though the Chamber is seemingly bent upon including them in a common condemnation. It would be premature, however, to assume that the conversion of the PRIME MINISTER will have no influence on the deputies by whose support he holds office. French politicians are not less sheep-like than those of other countries, and the fact that M. DE FREYCINET sees reason to pursue a different course from that which he has hitherto taken may bring round a portion of the Republican majority to the reasonable views which he is now defending. If M. DE FREYCINET were the leader of the Republican party as well as the chief of a Republican Ministry, this result would be very much more probable than it is. But however the matter is looked at—unless, indeed, M. GAMBETTA is to be credited with an extraordinary tortuousness—to support M. DE FREYCINET now is to oppose M. GAMBETTA. The whole history of the last few weeks is unintelligible, unless we assume that M. DE FREYCINET believes that the

Radical policy towards the religious orders is not a prudent policy for the Republicans to adopt, and wishes to convey to his countrymen that, if they agree with him in thinking this, he is willing to provide a rival policy for their acceptance. It is not easy to believe that M. DE FREYCINET's return to moderate views will outweigh M. GAMBETTA's adherence to extreme views. At all events, if it does so, it will be in the country rather than in the Chamber.

According to the principal authority upon this curious passage in contemporary history, M. DE FREYCINET has on his side a personage whose importance where Ministers are concerned is not exclusively titular. "According to a 'source worthy of credit,'" says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, speaking of the Cabinet Council held on Thursday, "the President of the REPUBLIC openly manifested his approval while M. DE FREYCINET was stating 'the motives that had guided him,' and a little later in his letter he speaks of M. GRÉVY as one 'who, it is certain, 'shares, approves, and approved beforehand, M. DE FREYCINET's views and attitude.'" The President of the REPUBLIC cannot secure victory to a Minister, supposing that the Chamber is persistently hostile to him, and is supported by the country in its hostility. But he can do one thing by himself, and one thing in concert with the Senate, which may be of immense and even decisive advantage to a Minister. He has the appointment and dismissal of Ministers, and though he cannot retain a Minister in office against the wishes of the Chamber, he can present the issue to the deputies in the way he likes best. Under some circumstances this may be a very valuable power. Which party is the assailant and which the defender may make a great difference to the result of a Parliamentary conflict. There are times of course when it does not matter in the least whether the politician who challenges the verdict, whether of the Chamber or of the country, is in office or in opposition. The two last elections in England were cases in point. There is no reason to suppose that either Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874 or Lord BEACONSFIELD in 1880 gained anything by being in office at the time of the dissolution. In other cases however Ministers have gained a great deal by being able to await attack. And this advantage, such as it is, M. GRÉVY can give M. DE FREYCINET. If the PRESIDENT were opposed to him, he might ask for his resignation, and then replace him by M. JULES FERRY or M. CONSTANS. Being on his side, he can, if he chooses, ask M. FERRY and M. CONSTANS to resign, and thus enable M. DE FREYCINET to hold his ground with a homogeneous Cabinet until he can be dislodged by his late colleagues. This is what he can do by himself. What he can do in conjunction with the Senate is to hurry on a dissolution. Instead of waiting for the natural decrease of the Chamber in 1881, the PRESIDENT and the Senate can dissolve it in 1880, and so enable the election to be taken on the specific issue on which M. DE FREYCINET has challenged the judgment of his countrymen. It is probable that a Senate constituted as the present Senate is would support the PRESIDENT in appealing to the electors. What the result of such an appeal would be it is of course impossible to say; but this much should be remembered by way of caution. The constituencies have never yet had the choice between a moderate and a Radical Republic fairly submitted to them. They have had to choose often enough between the Republic and other forms of government, and they have consistently answered that they prefer the Republic. But, if M. DE FREYCINET goes to the country on the question whether to execute the decrees or to allow the religious orders to profit by their recent declarations, it will be the first time that such an alternative has been offered.

If Frenchmen are determined to carry the quarrel with the Church to the last extremity, they will do so in the face of the largest concession that the Church has made for a very long time. It seemed likely that the treatment the Jesuits had sustained at the hands of the Government would unite both the other orders and the secular clergy in their defence. That this would have happened if the orders and even the secular clergy had been left to follow their own devices is almost certain. The whole language alike of lay speeches and Episcopal pastorals points to this conclusion. The strife between the Church and the Republic was one of long standing, and the moment when the Republic had just annihilated a most important ecclesiastical outpost did not seem a

time for offering terms. It may be suspected that the POPE could scarcely have done a more unpopular thing in the eyes of French Catholics than suggest a compromise between the remaining non-recognized orders and the Government. LEO XIII., however, has been true to his own character, and to his whole previous policy, and has brought the orders round to his view. The declaration recently issued is an extraordinary instance of turning the other cheek to an adversary. After the wrath of the Government had been shown in the closing of the Jesuit establishments, the POPE had still a soft answer ready. He could recognize that the Church had given some ground for the misrepresentations of which she had been the object, that her record as regards the powers that be in France had not always been irreproachable, and that, though her political ventures had only been for her hurt, she had provoked the injury by embarking on them. The declaration of the orders puts all this into words, somewhat diplomatic perhaps in expression, but sufficiently unmistakable in sense. If the French nation rejects this concession, they will be doing all in their power to make moderation on the part of the Church impossible for the future. The POPE's reactionary advisers will be able to point to the failure of the attempted compromise in France, and from this they will deduce the uselessness of compromise everywhere. This is a result which may suit well enough the purpose of the extreme Left; but, if it proves equally attractive to the Republican party generally, the prospect before the French nation is far from being wearisomely bright.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S ZEAL.

THE incurable wickedness of the unpaid magistracy is one of the articles of the Radical faith, and it is not surprising to find that the HOME SECRETARY has endeared himself to the professors of that faith by his recent attack on certain magistrates. These evildoers "will," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "find Sir WILLIAM a very different sort of superior from Sir RICHARD CROSS." A melancholy philosopher might find in this observation an illustration of the mutability of human affairs. Before the rage of the recent political controversy tarred the whole of the late Ministry with the same brush, it used to be frankly acknowledged by Liberal critics that Sir RICHARD CROSS was an exceptionally good Home Secretary, the best that had held the office for many years, and almost, if not altogether, too good for a Tory Government. A few short months, and his name becomes an instrument for comparisons certainly not quite reconcilable with this former estimate. However, it must be granted to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's panegyrists that he is the most industrious and enterprising of officials. He will still be doing. Now he is visiting the scene of a colliery accident, and oracularly pronouncing that there ought to be "more shafts." Now he is issuing a very curious certificate of indemnity to the officers of the mine. Now he is snubbing an obnoxious magistrate, and demanding of him whether he has not beards in his town and things called whips. The worst of this energy is that the same fatality which has attended Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's steps throughout his tenure of office dogs him still. Unkind critics point out that the apparently sapient demand for more shafts is equivalent to a demand for the shutting up of the colliery concerned, a certain amount of income being only equal to the support of a certain outlay of capital. The awkwardness of the now famous Stroud case in which the HOME SECRETARY has been attacked, routed, and compelled to seek the refuge of ignominious silence by a simple county magistrate, is greater still. The hardest heart must feel a certain sorrow for a Home Secretary in such a plight.

The case of WALTER DEAN made some little noise in the later days of the Session. A child of tender years had been sentenced to incarceration, with exhausting tasks, by the ruthless DOGBERRIES of the rural magistracy. Sir WILLIAM's attitude was what is technically termed in fiction and the drama "noble." He spoke of "poisoning the fountains of life," and brought down the House thereby. It is true that the reversal of WALTER DEAN's sentence, which he at once, and without any inquiry, ordered, seems to have come a little late, but that has nothing to do with the matter. If the sentence was unnecessary and unjust, its reversal or annulling was un-

doubtedly proper. But the HOME SECRETARY, perhaps because his time was too much occupied with hares and rabbits, or with amateur criticism on his own Government's Burial Bill, had omitted the usual ceremony of obtaining from the magistrate concerned some information on the matter. The maxim "Hang first and try afterwards" is a well-known one, and has local currency in two very different quarters of England as "Lydford law" and as "Scarborough warning." Sir WILLIAM has invented an ingenious variation of it—"Pardon first and try afterwards"—which perhaps may be described as Home-Office justice. Unluckily for him, the incriminated magistrate, Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL, appears to be a person with all his wits about him, and possessed of a temper cool but by no means meek. He replied to the HOME SECRETARY's letter practically censuring his conduct and announcing the order of release by a singularly damaging history of Master WALTER DEAN. This tender infant, who, for the crime of breaking a paltry window or two, was sentenced to imprisonment, has a history which would do credit to a much more mature offender. He has set fire to a plantation, he has stolen on different occasions fruit, eggs, money, solid provisions, and a choice assortment of miscellaneous articles of property; while window-breaking, before it finally obtained for him the sympathy of the HOME SECRETARY, had been practised by him with an assiduity which could not but make him perfect in the art. So far indeed the HOME SECRETARY may be acquitted of anything but somewhat indecent haste. Unluckily for him, however, he had, as we have mentioned, asked Mr. HALLEWELL whether a slight corporal punishment under the Summary Jurisdiction Act would not have been sufficient. It is a little surprising to find that this recommendation has not revolted Sir WILLIAM's Radical admirers. We had thought that corporal punishment was to them a thing abominable, that it was a degradation, an insult to the rights of man, and a dozen terrible things besides. It would, however, appear that they hate magistrates so much that even corporal punishment can be gulped down when Justices' justice is to be found fault with. Sir WILLIAM, as it happens, put the rod which he suggested for WALTER DEAN's body into Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL's hands to use against himself. For it seems that the Summary Jurisdiction Act does not authorize the infliction of any such penalty for the particular offence committed by WALTER DEAN. At least Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL has for some days been respectfully awaiting a reference from the Home Office to the section of the Act under which he could have whipped WALTER, and the reference does not come. On the whole, it may be granted that the conduct of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is remarkably different from the conduct of Sir RICHARD CROSS. The latter most assuredly would not have exposed himself in this way to the double charge of *ignorantia juris* and *ignorantia facti*, neither of which is in this case an excuse, but a very serious fault. Oriental justice would probably have ended the matter by making Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL Home Secretary and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT a magistrate under his feet. But the history of the transaction may be thought to show that, though Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL might make a very good Home Secretary, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would make an exceedingly bad magistrate.

It is curious that this odd substitution of a Minister's private notions as to the ideally fit for the humdrum letter of the law should not have been the first instance of the same kind given by the present Ministry. Nobody can have forgotten Mr. FORSTER's remarkable declaration as to what he was going to do during the recess if Irish landlords exercised their legal rights contrary to his, Mr. FORSTER's, sense of justice. "Never mind the law," said Mr. FORSTER. "Never mind the law," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. We have not the least intention of maintaining that the birch would not have been an exceedingly suitable punishment for WALTER DEAN. Indeed the birch, and plenty of it, seems to be an excellent prescription for that promising young man. Having "poisoned the fountains of life" for a good many other people, or, in less poetical language, having made himself an intolerable little nuisance to his neighbours, it is quite right that the law, as representing those neighbours, should make itself a nuisance to him in the way which he is most likely to feel. But it is amusing to think of the howl of wrath which would have been set up by Radical members of Parliament, Radical newspapers, and Radical mouthpieces and mouths generally, if a ma-

magistrate had ordered corporal punishment in a case where the law did not empower him to do so. How the dignity of man and the ferocious stupidity of magistrates would have been trotted out and made to show their paces! What subscriptions would have been forthcoming for the purchase of plasters for WALTER DEAN'S wounded back and for doing dreadful things to Mr. WATTS HALLEWELL! We might have had a St. James's Hall Committee, and a Britons' Corporal Rights Defence Association, and Heaven knows what else beside. But when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT makes the suggestion, it is greeted quite warmly by those who would have done all these things, and we are told that a "short Act next Session" will make it all right, and that Sir WILLIAM has "wisely" declined to discuss the matter with the Stroud justices. As to this latter point, indeed, there can be little difference of opinion, for it is certainly wise to decline a discussion in which there is nothing to do except plead guilty. But the incident in other times would certainly not have been thought particularly creditable to the Government. For it may certainly be contended that the person whose duty, more than that of any other single person, is to watch over the administration of the law should not recommend flagrant breaches thereof, and should take the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts of the case on which he takes the responsibility of deciding. Since this case it seems that Sir WILLIAM has undauntedly pursued his career of reversing magisterial decisions, or, to speak more correctly, of setting aside magisterial sentences. He has already done this in the case of a woman sentenced to imprisonment for giving a false certificate of death—an offence which is in general, if not in the particular instance, a very serious one; and we are told that the same result will, it is thought, follow in another case. Indeed, if Sir WILLIAM adopts the convenient method of judging all cases without paying any attention to the facts, it is not unsafe to prophesy that the same result will follow in all. It is an easy way to gain popularity; and if the law suffers, why so much the worse for the law. Besides, a short Act next Session will set it all right. Fortunately in the present constitution of Parliament the passing of a short, or indeed of a long, Act is, if the Government choose to have it, almost a certainty, and so there can be no difficulties in the HOME SECRETARY'S way.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CITY COMPANIES.

THE City Companies must have anticipated their fate as it approached them by successive stages. The accession of the present Government endangered all ancient institutions, and in the first instance those which were intrinsically weakest. The issue of the Commission with the obvious purpose of depriving the Companies of the whole or a large portion of their revenues confirmed the gloomiest anticipations; and, finally, the appointment of Lord DERRY as chairman threatened uncompromising disregard of all claims founded on picturesque utility. The governing bodies and their officers will not find it worth while to repeat the policy which their predecessors tried with success in 1833. It was then safe to refuse any revelation of the only secret which they greatly cared to keep, by disputing the power of Royal Commissioners to exact an account of their wealth. The answers of the Companies to the queries which have now been circulated are still voluntary; but any attempt to withhold information would be peremptorily overruled by Act of Parliament. It is not of good omen for the Companies that the Commissioners profess a desire to study their histories and antiquities. It may be taken for granted that in the lapse of centuries they have deviated from their original character and purposes, although they have with zealous fidelity preserved many of their early customs. Old duties which have passed into desuetude will serve as an argument for abolishing corresponding privileges; while banquets and other festive solemnities, however accurately they may have been handed down, will be condemned as unprofitable and obsolete. There are few institutions to which their members are for the most part as warmly attached; but even in the City mutinous liverymen are found to write letters to the papers in vituperation of the governing bodies. They might perhaps judiciously suspend the expression of their petty grievances till all dissensions are suppressed by a common disestablishment.

The collective revenues of the Companies have been vaguely estimated at half a million, and their advocates would find a difficulty in contending that a large income might not be more advantageously employed than in dinners, in pensions to decayed members, in maintenance of gorgeous halls, and in occasional encouragement of industry and art. Two or three of the richest Companies have within a few years contributed large sums for purposes of technical education; and as far as their contributions extend they have practically become trustees of the funds which they might at their discretion have retained. By some of the Companies moderate provision is occasionally made for needy members of the governing bodies; but it must be remembered that the recipients have in the first instance only enjoyed the hereditary right to membership on the payment of a heavy fine. Vested life interests will, as in all such cases, be protected; but the Government will probably propose to Parliament a scheme for dealing at discretion with a large surplus. All the members, including the liverymen, have votes; but they belong to a single constituency which has audaciously renounced its allegiance to Mr. GLADSTONE. There will be no danger of alienating the City, which will vainly regret and resent the destruction of the Companies, not only as an unwelcome change, but as a precedent for the approaching suppression of the Corporation. The Government which refused the City the opportunity of proving its importance by a special return in the Census has probably resolved on punishing it for its contumacy at the last election. The institution of one or more municipalities of London in the place of the ancient Corporation will raise important political and administrative issues. The total or partial confiscation of the property of the Companies will be a simpler operation, and it will serve as an instalment of the larger measure, or as a precedent for stringent legislation. The Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge will perhaps be later victims.

Lord DERRY will feel no sympathy with the doubts which may be suggested as to the expediency of putting an end to anomalies. If a capital amounting perhaps to some millions can without injustice to interested persons be diverted to more useful purposes, the most prosaic of statesmen will not hesitate to recommend the transfer. The attributes which are common to private and to corporate property are easily disregarded when there is an opportunity of exhibiting utilitarian liberalism. The popular clamour against the Companies is consistent as far as it is raised by the ordinary assailants of property. It seems shocking to the enemies of ownership that any fragment of wealth should be excluded from private and hereditary possession. Endowments, whether a share in the enjoyment of the funds is obtained by merit or by fortune, are by a curious paradox hateful to the revolutionary mind. That a feeble barrier should defeat cupidity is more irritating than the tenacity of individual ownership. An established Church, though it is in the distribution of its endowments a comparatively democratic institution, is in modern times more habitually threatened with spoliation than a private capitalist or landowner. The classes which might be expected to be most sensitive to attacks on property sometimes like or anticipate with short-sighted selfishness the demands of the mob. Rich noblemen have been heard to complain that College Fellows perform no definite duties in return for their incomes of two or three hundred a year. They have yet to learn that the hereditary owners of large estates ought not to be hasty in encouraging the prejudice against sinecures.

A courteous invitation to the officers of the Companies to furnish suggestions to the Commissioners would, if the general result of their inquiries were otherwise doubtful, imply a foregone conclusion of change. With the exception of official salaries recently fixed or readjusted, scarcely any public or private revenue is expended in perfect accordance with ideal utility. A formal investigation involves the assumption that the State or the Legislature has the right as well as the power to divert the funds into new channels. The restoration of the property of the Companies to the purposes for which it is supposed to have been originally intended may perhaps not be found easy or expedient. The Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, and some of the other Companies already discharge certain technical duties which could not perhaps be usefully enlarged. The general encouragement of their respective trades by the Companies would in most cases

be impracticable or superfluous. Goldsmiths, mercers, and merchant tailors need little assistance; and there are no clothworkers in London. It would not be easy to define the technical education which is required to qualify a fishmonger for the practice of his mystery. The Commission and the Government will probably at present adopt an intermediate course between alienation of their whole property from the Companies and acquiescence in the present state of things. A certain discretion in the expenditure of the funds may be reserved to the governing bodies, perhaps with some change in their constitution. The hospitalities in which the citizens of London delight will be curtailed, though perhaps they may not be summarily suppressed. A large surplus will remain to be applied to objects of public utility, including perhaps the relief of general or municipal taxation. Speculative philanthropists, comparing possible modes of theoretical beneficence, have sometimes inclined to the opinion that the most effective form of charity would be a contribution to the Exchequer; but the possible acquisition by the State of property for its own purposes would be, in the invidious as in the literal sense of the term, confiscation. It is more probable that a part or the whole of the funds now belonging to corporate bodies in London will be applied in aid of local taxation. It might be found possible to distinguish between the luxuries and the necessary wants of a vast metropolitan population. The provision of parks, of bands of music, and of public recreations might seem to be a more suitable employment of accumulated funds in want of an owner than of the produce of rates. It might even be possible to connect the future with the past by giving the Companies, in some modified form, a voice in the expenditure for new objects of the revenues inherited from their predecessors. The social and festive traditions of special trades have in many cases become obsolete; but the reservation from private ownership of a portion of the wealth of the community is not in principle anomalous or inexpedient. Any revenues of the kind would be more properly expended in promoting popular enjoyment than in the discharge of the burdens which attach to all kinds of property.

THE WATFORD PLOT.

THE word "mystery" has been so often and so stupidly used of late in newspapers, that it has got into rather bad odour. It does not, however, seem that any much more appropriate term can be found for the extraordinary occurrences which took place between Sunday night and Monday morning last on the North-Western Railway between Watford and Bushey. According to their invariable, but not very wise, habit, the railway authorities were at first inclined to pooh-pooh the whole matter, and it was not until several days had passed that the most important point of all, the fact that the substance discovered on the line was dynamite, was authoritatively settled. However, there may be said to be now no doubt about the bare facts of the matter. Some time between seven o'clock on Sunday night and the same hour on Monday morning parcels of a peculiar kind of dynamite were arranged by the side of the fast down line, connected with india-rubber fuses charged with gunpowder, and tipped with percussion caps to explode them on a train passing. Moreover, the spot chosen was at the junction of two rails, and the fishplates were removed, apparently with the object either of inducing a wrong idea as to the cause of the wreck which was planned, or else to make it certain that the train attacked should leave the line and fall down the embankment on which the railway there passes. The plot apparently failed either because the fuses were not properly adjusted, or because the excessive rain for the time weakened or destroyed the explosive power of the compound. But the remarkable thing is that not merely are the perpetrators unknown, but the exact train intended for attack is not known either. The infernal machine was discovered soon after the passage of the usual morning newspaper train. But this is a train which does not often carry many passengers, which carries no mails, and which cannot be supposed to offer any special provocation to vindictive feelings or any temptation to cupidity in its parcels of printed matter. It may seem odd that the time of deposit of the parcel should be so uncertain. But this is due to the fact of the North-

Western having now four working lines of rails, instead of two, for many miles out of London. Between the late passenger trains of Sunday night and the early newspaper train of Monday morning nothing passed over the metals of one of these. But it was natural that suspicion should point rather to the Scotch and Irish mails overnight as the probable object of the malefactors.

At present there seems to be no idea of any important freight which these trains carried, and it is certain that, except Lord NORTHBROOK, who is not particularly likely to be the object of any secret society's vengeance, they carried no passenger of political distinction. It will of course occur to all reasonable people that, if documents or property of an important kind were sent at this time, the senders, whether private persons or the Government, would take good care, and would be right in taking good care, not to divulge the fact just at this moment, except to the police. Four hypotheses have been suggested up to this time, which may be shortly described as Robbers, Fenians, Nihilists, and Trade-Unionists, especially discontented railway servants. The Trades-Union Congress, sitting at Dublin, has expressed great indignation at the last suggestion. We are happy to think that not the slightest foundation for it has yet been shown or imagined; but the virtuous indignation of the Trades-Unionists is perhaps a little excessive. It is not so very long since they were guilty of acts precisely similar in kind, if less wholesale in extent, and the unblushing manner in which they still proclaim their determination to do the best they can for themselves, regardless of other people's rights and interests, is not calculated to conciliate public opinion. But there is little doubt that they have, on the whole, outgrown the murderous stage of their career, and murder in the present instance has, for them, no very definable object. The Trade-Unionist is now "tolerably mild," and to annoy a Railway Company he would hardly do his best to kill and maim an indefinite number of guiltless persons. The Nihilist hypothesis also has little to show for itself. The mere fact that a Prince of the Russian Royal Family is in this country on an official errand seems to have been enough for some imaginative persons. But, as there is no proof that the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE was, or according to any plan could have been, in any North-Western train near Watford on Sunday night or Monday morning, the hypothesis seems to be at least gratuitous. This cannot be said of the supposition of an attempt to rob, especially as the train aimed at was one of the mail trains. Unfortunately it did not need the Bremen explosion to tell us that there are men who would stick at nothing in the way of cold-blooded villany in order to obtain the chance of gain. The powerful appliances and inventions of modern science offer to such persons considerable temptations, and railway and steamboat travelling gives them abundant opportunities. It does not follow that anything particularly valuable can be traced as having been sent by any of the threatened trains. It would be sufficient, however, for the criminals in question to get wind of an intention to send it, which might afterwards have been changed. Such a trifle as a train blown up for nothing would not be likely to interfere with the plans of the professional thief of the superior kind. Dynamite is cheap, india-rubber tubing is not dear. The whole apparatus of the plot could not have cost a great number of shillings, and it is quite possible that the engineer had his eye on the return of a great number of pounds for his investment. The only thing against this hypothesis is the extreme improbability, in such a country as England, of getting off clear with the booty in such a case.

There remains the Fenian suggestion, and this certainly has the strongest *prima facie* likelihood of the four. Not only had the Irish night mail passed overnight since the time the rails had been last examined, but it is not to be forgotten that the Irish day mail was due not very long after the platelayer HEATH discovered the parcel of dynamite "sausages" by the side of the line. It is notorious that the brotherhood have, under the favourable circumstances lately prevailing, been unusually active, and the blow struck is of a character quite consistent with their well-known tactics. Something, if not somebody, of importance, may have been going to Ireland; but it must be remembered that the true Fenian would be by no means determined solely by this consideration. The destruction in a dramatic manner of an Irish train, or of any train, would be sufficient for him. He has been

definitely informed lately as to the advantageous results of the shot fired at the Manchester van, when, as an Irish historian and member of Parliament has it, Sergeant BERRY "got in the way of the bullet"; and of the still more dramatic explosion at Clerkenwell. The brutal aimlessness of this latter proceeding has been sufficiently often pointed out, and the destruction of a train by dynamite would not be more brutal, and might well be equally aimless. Of course there is not the slightest evidence to show that, as a matter of fact, Fenianism or Irish agitation had anything to do with the matter, and it is only possible to treat the question as one of pure speculation. The professional robber and the Fenian—who may be described as a professional murderer—appear to divide the chances pretty evenly between them. In this connexion it is hardly superfluous to take the recent audacious attempt to murder at Sheffield, which is pretty certainly the work of Fenians or some similar set of scoundrels. The Irish-American rascaldom with which Ireland is now swarming, and which is abundant enough in the large towns of the North of England, is capable enough of both deeds. That the dynamite used was apparently of an unusual kind, made by amateurs and not by professional manufacturers of explosives, is a fact somewhat noteworthy, but which is capable of being explained in more ways than one. But it is, on the whole, rather in favour of the hypothesis of a political society being engaged in the matter than of its having been an ordinary criminal speculation. There is no reason why the usual dynamite of commerce should not suffice the professional robber, especially as it presents less chance of identification. On the other hand, to have their own explosives made for themselves is an instance of the kind of half-childish vanity which is so frequently united with the devilish scheming of political agitators. It would be a great pity if any scare were excited by the occurrence. A very little thought will show that such an attempt is much more likely to fail than to succeed, and very unlikely to have even a chance of succeeding. Fortunately these schemes require a good deal of delicate adjustment, and the chapter of accidents is heavily in favour of the honest men against the rogues. The usual and necessary inspection of railways where the traffic is heavy is, moreover, so frequent that in most cases obstacles of any kind on the line are discovered before they can do any harm. The confidence felt by the public in the Department of Criminal Investigation is not extraordinary, and it will not be surprising if nothing is ever found out about the matter, or about the mysterious stranger who, with a bald head and a coat over his arm, was observed contemplating nature at six o'clock on a rainy morning. But if the thing turns out to have been a delicate jog to Mr. GLADSTONE'S attention on the part of the I. R. B., there is at least one person in this kingdom who will have no reason at all to be surprised. Travellers by the North-Western will probably for some time to come wish that Mr. GLADSTONE had been less explicit in his revelations to the men of Midlothian as to the motives which usually act on his mind.

DEMOCRACY IN VICTORIA.

THE colony of Victoria continues to discharge its chosen function of illustrating the character and tendencies of extreme democracy. A small and scattered community possessing abundant material resources has the advantage of trying political experiments in comparative safety. There are no complicated systems of industry to derange in Victoria, and colonies, fortunately for themselves, are exempt from foreign politics. Faction, envy, and intolerance can only check the growth of prosperity by false economic legislation, and by the exclusion of the most competent classes from the conduct of affairs. In the absence of an aristocracy which Mr. FORSTER would condemn as founded on the accident of birth, successful traders, and lawyers and doctors with good incomes, are regarded with jealous dislike; and, on more plausible grounds, owners of large tracts of land are denounced as enemies of the people. The dominant working class is bent on maintaining a monopoly of employment by discouraging immigration. Small traders and founders of inchoate manufactures seek, as in the United States, to perpetuate and increase local monopolies. The whole population is comparatively small in number, but the extent of its territory gives it a complacent belief in its

own importance, and there can be no doubt that at some future time it will expand into a considerable State. The petty demagogues who govern the colony sometimes, on small provocation, threaten the Imperial Government with secession; but they find that it is difficult to excite enthusiastic interest in the process of pushing at an open door.

Judicious well-wishers of the colony have been disappointed in the plausible belief that a reaction had set in. Not many months have passed since Mr. BERRY and the extreme democratic faction were temporarily driven from office, in consequence of the indignation which even their own supporters felt at the prevalence of jobbery and faction. Mr. SERVICE, the leader of the Opposition, succeeded with a moderate majority, and proposed a reform in the constitution of the Council which seemed likely to end a troublesome controversy. Unfortunately a cross issue raised by the Roman Catholic party divided the Ministerial supporters, and Mr. SERVICE was defeated in an important division. As the Roman Catholics were not numerous enough to claim the succession, Mr. BERRY took advantage of their victory. A coalition between ultra-democrats and advocates of sectarian education seems to be neither consistent with intelligible principle nor likely to last; and at the date of the last accounts the alliance had not been consolidated by the participation of Sir JOHN O'SHANNASSY and his associates in the formation of a Ministry; but probably by this time the difficulty may have been overcome.

The characteristic antipathy of the democratic agitators to the rules and traditions which are the best security of freedom was exhibited in a vote of want of confidence proposed by Mr. BERRY before the Government had formally opened the new Parliament. The object was apparently not so much to inflict a slight on Lord NORMANBY as to prove the superiority of the victorious faction to regulations and standing orders. Mr. BERRY is once more Minister, and Mr. PEARSON, who accompanied him on his mission to England, is one of his colleagues. A few years ago Mr. PEARSON was well known as a learned resident at Oxford. In the new life which he has chosen he has already made himself conspicuous by his support of democratic, if not communistic, doctrines, and his patriotism is no longer Imperial, but colonial. It is not a little strange that a cultivated Englishman can so readily dissociate himself from the feelings and associations in which he must have grown up. Before his late visit to England Mr. PEARSON had proposed the application of colonial revenues to public works undertaken, not for the general advantage, but for the employment of the working classes. Sir BRYAN O'LOGHLEN, who, when he was Attorney-General, talked about deporting the Governor by force, has for the present preferred his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause to his sympathies with Mr. BERRY and Mr. PEARSON; but the party which is equally hostile to property and to the English connexion will not remain disunited. The suppression of the independence of the Council, and the substitution of direct universal suffrage for representative government, will be again proposed, and perhaps carried. Taxation will be unequally imposed on political rather than on fiscal grounds, and protective duties will be maintained and perhaps increased. It is not a little paradoxical that the PRINCE OF WALES should have been invited to attend an Exhibition at Melbourne in the present year. It is perhaps fortunate that the Colonial Government will not have the opportunity of offering some personal affront to the Crown. The discourtesy shown to the GOVERNOR in proceeding to business before the delivery of his Message indicates the temper and taste of Mr. BERRY and his associates.

When the Australian and North American colonies hereafter become nominally as well as really independent, they will perhaps find it expedient to modify their Constitutions by the introduction of checks and balances which exist in different forms in England and in the United States. It is of course impossible in modern times to found a second legislative Assembly on Mr. FORSTER'S accident of birth; but the framers of the American Constitution created a Senate with greater practical powers than the House of Lords, and they conferred on the Executive an independent capacity of action which had already become obsolete in England. The Senate has far greater influence than the House of Representatives, and the President can suspend the decisions of both. Neither Colonial Governors nor Secretaries of State exercise any

real control over the Ministries which from time to time represent local majorities. The Council of nominees which Mr. BERRY proposes to establish in Australia would be appointed, not by the Governor, who might probably select competent and independent legislators, but by the Ministers, who are the leaders of the dominant faction in the Assembly. The main object of the measure is to render permanent the accidental supremacy of the extreme democratic party. The present Council is weak because it is not elected by universal suffrage. The reformed Council would be a fiction, until it became an impediment to the action of a possible Ministry of the other party. It would then be, not without excuse, remodelled in the interests of the actual Ministry. All real authority will reside in the Assembly, until the demagogues succeed in superseding Parliamentary government by the rude device of a popular vote. Mr. BERRY'S *plébiscite* is a caricature of the theories of Parliamentary duty and responsibility which have lately been promulgated in England.

It might perhaps be questioned whether freedom from external dangers and complications is an unmixed advantage to the Australian colonies. The Governments of the Cape, and, to a certain extent, the Government of New Zealand, have to provide for the common security against natives who may possibly become enemies. The Government of Victoria has no enemies to fear except wealth, respectability, and intelligence. Injustice must be perpetrated, if at all, at the expense of minorities who theoretically enjoy equal rights with their countrymen. The evils of democratic despotism would perhaps be greater if the colonists were not of English blood, and consequently of a disposition to limit the functions of legislation and government. The Americans can afford to tolerate speculation and incompetence in some of their rulers, because they for the most part govern themselves. Time will show whether the colonies possess equal power of resistance to the vicious tendencies of universal suffrage. It must be admitted that, for the present, Victoria stands alone in its love of turbulence and anarchy. Its condition furnishes no argument against the modern experiment of conceding to colonies the exclusive management of their own affairs. The provincial demagogues could not in any circumstances have been restrained by Imperial authority. If Victoria had been partially administered by the Colonial Office, the agitators would have sought popularity in sedition even more readily than in unequal legislation. They are now content to assert their undisputed independence by occasional displays of rudeness which provoke no return.

THE NINE ELMS ACCIDENT.

A BAD railway accident at Nine Elms comes home with unusual force to Londoners. They can be philosophical over possible negligence in the North, or an obstinate refusal to take obvious precautions in the Midland counties; but when a disaster happens in London itself, and to a train by the like of which they may have themselves to travel every day, their interest in the matter becomes very keen. Unfortunately, the Coroner's inquest, which is a principal means of bringing out the circumstances of an accident ending in death, threatens to degenerate into a wrangle between the Court and the lawyers employed in the case. The proceedings on Tuesday were almost wholly of this sort. The inquiry had to be adjourned in order to allow the driver of the passenger engine which ran into the goods engine to recover from his injuries sufficiently to be examined; and it was suggested by one of the solicitors that, as this man's evidence was of great importance and he himself very ill, his deposition should be taken. The solicitor maintained that the Coroner had power to order this; the Coroner maintained that he had not; and, as there was really no other business before the Court, Coroner and solicitor had a fine time of it, ending, of course, as such squabbles commonly do end, in a threat on the part of the Coroner to clear the room, and in broad hints from the other side that the Coroner did not know his business. Until the importance of the coroner's office is more fully recognized, and the mode of election to it changed, these objectionable incidents will probably be recurrent in coroners' inquests. Whichever of the two views of a coroner's powers may have been correct as a matter of law, there can be no question as to which is right as a matter of common-sense. What the

solicitor asked the Coroner to do was simply to take steps to perpetuate testimony. The immediate cause of the accident must be ascertained from the evidence of three persons—the signalman who allowed the passenger train to come on, the driver of the passenger engine, and the driver of the goods engine into which the passenger engine ran. Of these three, two are seriously ill, and it is possible that they may not recover. If they die, two out of the three persons who alone can give any account of what happened will be silenced. The Coroner is of opinion that, as there is no charge before him, he cannot have the depositions of these two persons taken. If he is right in so thinking, the law upon the subject ought plainly to be altered. Very serious charges may arise out of the inquest, and it seems a mischievous technicality to say that evidence in support of a charge may be perpetuated, but that evidence on which a charge may be founded must not. It is perhaps a fortunate circumstance that one of the deaths took place in the jurisdiction of another Coroner, and the inquest in this latter case has very properly been adjourned in order to give the jury an opportunity of going on with the inquiry if they are not satisfied with the proceedings at the first inquest. Out of these two inquests and the inquiry which is being conducted by the Board of Trade there is every chance of our getting at the truth, provided that death does not remove a material witness out of the way.

As yet all that is ascertained about the accident comes from the evidence of the signalmen at the "locomotive junction-box" near Nine Elms. There are always two signalmen at this station, and on Saturday night both came on duty about ten o'clock, ALMOND, the junior one, coming first. At ten ALMOND received the signal to let a goods-engine, which was then standing on the down main line, pass into the locomotive shed, and two minutes later he let this engine pass his box and go on to the junction-points. Properly his next act would have been to signal this engine to go on into the locomotive shed; but at three minutes after ten his attention was diverted by the passing of the Portsmouth express on the up main line, and when this had gone by ALMOND appears to have forgotten all about the engine which he had left standing on the down line. Had he remembered that it was still there, there would have been abundance of time for it to pass into the locomotive shed before the train which ran into it came up. At five minutes after ten ALMOND received the warning signal that the Hampton Court train was on the down line. He reported this to the senior signalman, who had come into the box after the passing of the goods-engine, and was told to see if all was clear. ALMOND looked to see if it was so; but his attention was again called away to a train from Kingston on the up line, and to an engine which had to be crossed on to the Windsor line. All, however, did seem clear, and accordingly he signalled the Hampton Court train to come on. Two minutes after the mischief was done. Whether there was a light burning at the back of the stationary engine does not seem to be known. ALMOND says that he did not notice one as the engine passed, and the fireman on the engine is unable to say whether the tail-light was burning or not. Had it been burning, it could apparently have been seen from the signal-box on an ordinary night. But Saturday night was not an ordinary night. There was a strong wind blowing and heavy rain falling, and wind and rain together may be quite as disturbing to the eyesight as fog.

Until something more is known, it is impossible of course to come to any useful conclusion as regards the circumstances of the accident. That it would not have happened if ALMOND had remembered that he had not passed the goods-engine into the locomotive shed seems to be clear. Nor was his forgetfulness due, as was at first not unnaturally suspected, to the fatigue consequent on long hours of work. On the contrary, he had only just begun his turn of duty. It is to be observed, however, that though the signal-box at which he was stationed is rightly held to be so important as to require the constant services of two signalmen, it was at this precise moment being worked by one. ALMOND came on duty "shortly before" ten, and DAVIS when it "had just turned" ten; and it may be supposed that the men whom ALMOND and DAVIS relieved went off duty as soon as ALMOND entered the box. Had DAVIS come in at the same time as ALMOND, both the men would have known of the passing of the goods engine, and it is in the highest degree improbable that both would have forgotten that it had gone on to the junction-points and was there waiting for further orders. If it is not already

a rule of the Company that where there are two signalmen to a station the pair on duty shall not leave until both the men who are to take their places have come into the box, it is plain that it ought at once to be made so. Had this simple precaution been observed, this accident would almost certainly not have happened. With trains succeeding one another as quickly as they do on the South-Western line at Vauxhall, a signalman cannot be left to himself even for two minutes without immense occasion for mischief being possibly given. Apart from this element in the question, it ought to be ascertained whether sufficient allowance is made for the additional difficulties under which signalmen and engine-drivers do their work in such weather as that of this day week, and whether proper care is always taken to ensure that the tail-light of every engine is kept burning while it is moving about on the line. The fact that the collision was caused by a momentary forgetfulness on the part of one man does not dispose of the question. The human memory is never to be absolutely depended on. The man who is most trustworthy in this respect may fail, and the true excellence of a system of precaution against accident consists in the presence or absence of sufficient counter-checks to make good these occasional failures.

Another point to be noted in connexion with this accident is the part which may possibly have been played in it by the obstinate economizing for which Railway Companies have lately taken so much credit to themselves. Supposing it should appear that the tail-light of the goods engine had been burning, and had been seen by the driver of the passenger engine, the next question will be why the passenger engine was not stopped soon enough to prevent a collision. Except when the distance between a train and the object towards which it is travelling is very short indeed, the stopping of a train is entirely a matter of brake-power. There are brakes now in existence the application of which will bring a train to a stand in what, considering its speed and momentum, is an almost incredibly short time. The Directors of the South-Western Railway Company lately told the Board of Trade that they had not yet seen any brake which completely answered the idea they had formed of what a brake ought to be. If accidents would be considerate enough not to happen while the South-Western Directors are giving the rein to the imaginative faculty in the matter of brake-power, railway passengers might cheer themselves with the thought of the wonderfully perfect machine that the Directors might at last discover. But, as accidents go on happening without regard to the Directors' arrangements, it is expedient that some jurymast should be set up, and the public protected for the time by a brake which may not answer all the requirements that an ingenious and dillatory fancy can suggest.

THE ELEMENTARY EDUCATION ACT.

TWO Circulars which have just been issued by the Education Department instruct the Inspectors how to deal with any difficulties that may present themselves under the Elementary Education Act of the present year, or under the provision for teaching class subjects which now forms part of the Code. From the first it appears that the Education Department is at last determined to make the Act of 1876 a really working measure. The country owes the extension of compulsory attendance to the whole country to Lord SANDON; but Lord SANDON was content—perhaps wisely—with establishing it as a principle. The translation of the principle to practice he left to his successor. The Act of 1876 imposed upon the local authority of every district the duty of sending children to school. The Act of 1880 arms them with the powers necessary to discharge this duty. The Circular, while it notes “with satisfaction the increase of scholars on the registers of aided schools,” notes also that the number of scholars who attend “with even the small amount of regularity required by the Code” falls short by one and a quarter million of what a judicious enforcement of the powers now vested in the local authorities might easily make it. The Circular further reminds these authorities that Lord SANDON’S Act enables the Department to deal very decidedly with any obstinate resistance to the demands which the law makes on them. “My Lords” trust “that they may not be obliged to have recourse to

“the power with which they have been entrusted of superseding any of these authorities by persons specially appointed with the view of administering the by-laws.” They would rather that the work were done by those whose business it is to do it; but, if this should prove impossible, they are prepared to hand the work over to those to whom it will be a pleasure as well as a business. The Department, however, are evidently not quite easy as to the manner in which their last new broom will work. They appear to be afraid lest local enthusiasm should occasionally get the better of local prudence, and the Department be besieged with recommendations to supersede the local authority in favour of those who are more interested in the progress of education in the district. If the Department were to listen to these applications, it would soon come to be recognized that a new and cheap way of entering public life had been opened out. Instead of encountering the cost and labour of a contested local election, the judicious reformer would allow the reactionary candidates to be returned, and would then apply to have them superseded, on the ground that they were allowing the powers with which they had so recently been armed to lie altogether unused. To meet this contingency the Circular tells the Inspectors that it rests with them and the Department, “rather than with individual parishioners,” to see that the local authority of each district does its duty in enforcing the attendance of children at school. If attendance in any district is slack, it is to the Inspector that the Department will look for information as to the cause to which this slackness can be traced. “My Lords” are not, however, without fear lest even Inspectors should occasionally show a somewhat indiscreet zeal. It is conceivable that they may occasionally jump to a conclusion rather hastily, and assume without sufficient inquiry that a local authority has neglected its duty when in fact it has only discharged its duty in a somewhat obnoxious way. The Inspectors are warned that frivolous and unfounded charges of neglect of duty will only prejudice the cause which they have at heart. In order that education should become universal, it is important that the action of the Department should have the sympathy and co-operation of all who are really interested in making it universal. If their attention is drawn away from the weightier matter, how education shall be furthered, into squabbles whether A. or B. will do most to further it, this co-operation and sympathy will not be secured. The district will be divided into a faction which sides with the Inspector and a faction which sides with the local authority, and between the two the end for which Inspector and local authority alike exist will be sacrificed. This is such very sensible advice that it is to be hoped that it will be accepted by the Inspectors. An ardent and energetic young man might easily set a whole parish by the ears, though all the time he might have done nothing worse than have been a little too impatient with a well-meaning but rather stupid local authority.

The second Circular carries us into a region very much further removed from the dull routine of elementary education. It reminds Inspectors that, in order to earn the highest possible grant, each class which has in it children of any standard above the first must be examined in two class subjects, and all children above the third standard must also be examined individually in two or more specific subjects. The result of this arrangement is that the teachers of the higher classes have often “to provide eight lectures per week.” The Department are to all appearance a little startled at the consequences of their own acts. At least, if it is not so, it is difficult to understand what they mean by the remark that “a graphic oral lesson requires constant acquisition of fresh matter, rearrangement of plan, and thoughtful preparation of illustrations or experiments, as well as a copious choice of language and a readiness of adaptability to difficulties that may arise in the course of a lesson for which no preparation can be made.” This enumeration of the qualifications which the Code indirectly requires in all teachers who have to do with children above the third standard is enough to take away the breath of any one who remembers what a drudgery the everyday work of elementary teaching must necessarily be. A habit of constant and intelligent study, careful preparation of lectures, a copious choice of language, and readiness to deal with unforeseen difficulties are not gifts that are met with as a matter of course. They have a certain market value, and, ordinarily speaking, they cannot be

secured except by those who in one form or another are prepared to pay the price they will fetch. There are some employments in which the pleasantness of the work leads those engaged in it to take lower pay than they would put up with in less congenial occupations. This is not the case with elementary teaching. For the most part, a man will not become a teacher of such very rough babes as are found in Board and even in voluntary schools, unless he is either not fitted for higher work, or it is made worth his while to take this particular work. If the qualifications just enumerated are wanted in elementary schools, they can be attracted there just as easily as anywhere else; but the motive power must be the money which a man can make by going there. We look forward then to one of two things happening as a result of this provision in the Code. Either teachers of this quality will not be had—in which case the teaching of class subjects will sink into a worthless string of fine-sounding words, or they will be had and paid for—in which case the item of teachers' salaries will grow with great steadiness and great rapidity. It is not that teaching does not evoke enthusiasm, or that enthusiasm is peculiarly greedy of money. If the field into which the properly equipped teacher of class subjects is to be daily turned were one that repaid tillage, the experiment would be much more hopeful. But it is nothing of the kind. As we have often insisted, the work of cramming secondary instruction down the throats of children who will leave school at twelve must always be ungrateful, because it must always be useless. "Hitherto," says the Circular, "even in the upper classes of elementary schools, the age and attainments of the children have generally incapacitated them from taking notes of useful length." Does Mr. MUNDELLA look forward to a time when the children attending elementary schools will be of an age to take "notes of useful length"? The Department may of course obtain an alteration of the law which shall make attendance at school compulsory up to the age when men ordinarily leave the University; but, unless they succeed in doing this, the hard necessities of life will assert themselves at much the same age as they do now. So long as the children whom a teacher has under his charge are rarely more than twelve years old, the teaching of class subjects must be mere drudgery. The best children will be those who catch the master's phrases most accurately and reproduce them most mechanically, and to teach children such as these is not a career which a young man of more than ordinary intelligence will embrace without being well paid for condescending to it. The prospect is not a pleasing one for any one who regards moderation in expenditure as one of the marks of a good local authority.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

FROM time immemorial no show, pageant, procession, or fair has ever been complete without the presence of a giant, a dwarf, an unknown animal, or a monster. The monster, indeed—especially the human monster—has been of late years extremely rare and difficult to procure. Formerly, when the demand was brisk, the manufacture of monsters formed a special industry; and, according to Ambroise Paré, "that famous surgeon," the *larrons et bélietres* of France carried on in his day a profitable trade in the transformation of wretched children into shapeless and hideous monsters. A large proportion of the subjects of the great Coesre, king of vagabonds and thieves, and most of the residents of the *Cour des Miracles*, were such mutilated and disfigured creatures. The art of producing withered limbs and distorted faces is now probably lost; yet the visitor to a French fair may always look to find some eccentricity, some unfortunate freak of nature, figured with bold exaggeration outside a booth, provided with a showman, a drum, and a pair of cymbals, and exhibited behind the canvas to all comers for the charge of one penny. A lively writer in a French paper some time ago described a banquet, at which he declared that he had himself assisted, where all the guests were professional monsters. Among them were the well-known dwarf with long arms, and his sister, likewise a dwarf, with no arms at all; the living skeleton; the elephant girl, with a trunk for a nose; the woman covered with fur like a bear; the bearded woman; the albino; the giantess; the man with no legs; the human porpoise, and others, all pleasing companions of the dinner table and delightful objects of study. It is certain that in the matter of monsters the French are ahead of us; for except the fat lady, and perhaps the living skeleton, we should hardly nowadays expect to find a single one of these interesting specimens of humanity in any English fair. But then our fairs themselves are degenerate, besides being few and far between. Their attractions are not what they were. Gingerbread in all its branches may yet survive; but it is

sad to think that children may go from fair to fair without once setting eyes on those terrible and interesting creatures who formerly held booths of state, and filled the mind with terrible, yet delightful, dreams of Bogey which lasted for a month.

The fact of this Banquet of Monsters may be as doubtful as the valiant Gest of Brummy, but the idea is worthy of a French imagination; only it deserves extension beyond a simple dinner. There should be held a Congress of Monsters, at which might be elicited something of the habits of thought engendered by having your head between the shoulders, or by wearing two pairs of legs, or by being covered with fur. The "gate money" at such a Congress would be certainly considerable, though the "scientific results," to quote the words of a late illustrious Fester, might fall short, as his did, of reasonable expectation. We should like to know, for instance, how monsters regard the world from which they are held apart, and we would call them together with the object of this anthropological inquiry; but they might, when met together, make use of the opportunity to speculate, instead, how the ignoble and common herd, made after the mere every-day pattern, not distinguished by so much as a hump, look upon things. This would be disappointing. Or perhaps they might refuse to read any papers at all; they might prove indifferent as regards scientific research; they might be slow at catching the idea of the thing; they might be perverse; they might even be unable to wield the ready pen. Such an assemblage would, however, apart from scientific considerations, attract all sorts and conditions of men. Some of us would hasten to see it under the pretence of holding up the exhibition to public contempt in the papers; some in order to be able to warn off others; some professing an intention of preaching upon it; some under solemn protest; a few with a brazen ostentation of curiosity; but all would find their way there, and the "gate money," as we have said, would be very considerable.

The manager of a London show has partly anticipated these suggestions—he may, indeed, be contemplating a Universal Congress of Monsters—in an interesting collection now open to the public in his establishment. A long narrow room furnished with a piano, a platform, a table, and a few chairs, contains the whole exhibition, which consists of a giant, three dwarfs, a Hindoo, a young lady to play the piano, and another to sell certain perfectly useless articles displayed upon the table. What they all do when there are no visitors in the room it is impossible even to guess. On entering, a certain movement is perceptible as of a general awakening; the young lady at the piano runs her fingers carelessly over the keys; the young lady at the stall is discovered busy among her boxes; and while you are beginning to look about a great figure of a man solemnly stalks up to you and holds out his hand to be shaken. He is between seven and eight feet high; this, according to Josephus, who here differs from the leading authority, was about the height of Goliath—"four cubits and a span in tallness"—which may be roughly estimated at seven feet six inches, unless one takes a meaner view of the cubit. It is interesting to shake hands with a man as big as Goliath. He of Gath, no doubt, had as large a hand. Upon one finger of the modern Goliath there is a ring of gold, which the giant takes off and shows, so that all who see may be abashed in considering the miserably meagre girth of their own forefingers. He is dressed in a long blue dressing-gown; which is a mistake—such a man should rise to the dignity of his eight feet in richer and more splendid garments; a George the First costume, for instance, with a flowered silk waistcoat down to the knees, silk stockings, diamond buckles, a coat with full and ample skirts, and a full-flowing Ramillies wig, would be more becoming. But he is not a giant who cares to magnify his office; he is not, apparently, proud of his superiority; he even shows clearly that he is bored with the perpetual shaking of hands and taking off of that great ring; some day the ring may lead to fatal consequences, as the boots brought the Frenchman, who grew tired of taking them off, to an early end. He sits melancholy, thinking perhaps of other Norwegians—he is of Norway—happier than himself, though perhaps nearly as tall, who roam at ease upon their native hills. For him no more feats upon the fiord; he will go on for ever shaking hands and pulling off that gold ring. When the exhibition closes for the day, where, one asks, does he go? Where does he spend his evenings? May he take his walks abroad? Where, indeed, do they all live, the folk of caravans and shows; and what are their domestic habits? We cannot, however, ask the melancholy giant, for other people have come in, and he is once more taking off the great gold ring.

We are next invited to shake hands by a neat abridgment of man, jet black of hue. He is something under three feet in height, and has a pleasant cheerful countenance. His name appears to have been chosen for him after he went into the pigny line, and has been chosen badly; at least one would think that a better name could be found than Midget Adonis. He is about five-and-twenty years of age and is perfectly proportioned, save for a rotundity common rather among aldermen than dwarfs. He is prettily behaved and well dressed; and, when he has told you that he hails from the Transvaal, he seems to have got through all he has to say. One would like to have his opinion on the public feeling in that colony as regards annexation, but the question may be a delicate one; we are presently assured that he "went through" the late war, in which he is said to have performed signal services—services undefined, but supposed to be such as to require agents difficult to be seen except through a microscope; and our informant does not tell us on which side he fought. Now, he is coal black, and perhaps . . . but it is as well not to pursue the subject. Adonis is followed by a lady dwarf, of whom we need only say that she does

not offer to shake hands at all, but has things to sell. She should rather be described as an undersized lady than a dwarf. The next member of the happy family who presents himself is a Hindoo. He is neither dwarf nor giant, but a properly proportioned and handsome fellow, who is probably admitted for artistic effect and with a view to contrast—an Indian dress always showing well beside anything, even the Norwegian's blue dressing-gown. One of our party addresses him in his native language; this pleases him, and he rewards us with the exhibition of two or three feats in sleight-of-hand, certainly not new, but of the kind which produce the pleasure of surprise and wonder. It must be sad indeed to know how tricks are done.

Last of all, the principal personage of the show introduces himself. He is a little Chinaman, about the same height as the Transvaal veteran, but of better figure. He has delicate little hands covered with rings; he is dressed in what is, without doubt, the correct costume of a Chinese gentleman; he knows the nice conduct of a fan; he wears a hat of recognized Celestial build, with a "little round button at top"; and his face contains all that has ever been imagined possible even in a Chinese face. We have often marvelled at the depths of wisdom which lie in all Chinese eyes, and the superiority indicated by all Chinese eyebrows; but this dwarf is the ideal Chinaman; his face shows that he is serenely satisfied with himself; that he is assured of his position; that he is a philosopher, content to enjoy; that he reads little but thinks much; that he secretly contemns the restless Westerners; that he regards us, as the gleam and twinkle of his eye denote, with amusement. He is fond of talking, too, and after the usual preliminaries (in which he states, for our amusement, not in any hope of being believed, that he is a gentleman travelling in order to see the world, not to make money) he shows himself a most genial, amusing, and pleasant little fellow. One thing we presently remark. He takes no notice whatever of his companions, nor do they take notice of him or of each other; they move about as if each was alone in the room. This gives a dreamy unreality to the exhibition; one feels as if one was inside the bars of the Happy Family cage. The giant pretends to be too big to see the dwarfs; the dwarfs look straight through the giant, as if he was not there; the Hindoo glides about, just taking care not to step upon the smaller inmates, but bestowing no more notice upon them. And then one becomes aware, without being told, that the Chinaman is the chief. The rest are afraid of him. What, indeed, has a simple Norwegian, or a rustic from the Transvaal, in common with a gentleman from Ningpo, versed in the Confucian philosophy?

It is a large question, but one cannot refrain from asking whether it is better to be a giant or a dwarf. A giant, it is true, cannot be neglected, passed by, or looked over; his bigness commands respect. On the other hand, no giants have ever distinguished themselves in anything; they are disposed to be indolent; lubberliness is a failing common to giants; they are never crafty, quick-witted, or clever. Then there are so many things which a giant cannot do. He cannot dig, ride, or drive, or play cricket, racquets, billiards, tennis, or football, because the instruments used are so absurdly small; if he reads, he ought to have a royal quarto at least; he cannot go to church, unless he is allowed to sit in the pulpit, because there is no place for his long legs; he can find no comfort anywhere, unless things are made specially for him; and think of the expense of getting everything made for you twice the usual size! And one feels—but this may be prejudice—that, if a giant were to take to poetry, the flowers of his fancy would run to hollyhocks, sunflowers, or even summer cabbages. In all these things, how much better off is a dwarf! He may suffer at first from ridicule, but this gives place to admiration as the years roll on and still he does not grow; it is so easy and so cheap to make little things for him that he can do anything; and in history he has been the pet and pride of queens and great ladies.

There is a movement; a rush of half-a-dozen visitors; the entrance of a brisk gentleman in black, who has evidently got a thing to say. He steps upon the platform and says it with professional cheerfulness and official volubility. The Norwegian sadly rises, bows, and turns the gold ring; then he sits down again; the African nods, smiles, and practises the steps of a double shuffle, in which he is as yet far from perfect. The lecturer fires off two or three weak-jointed jokelets, and the Chinaman is good enough to sing a love song in his own tongue; he calls it so, but from the expression of his eye it is clear that he is taking advantage of the lecturer's ignorance, and calling him names in Chinese. The Hindoo then says that he will show us a few tricks. "We get up to go. As we reach the door, we hear a familiar voice. It is 'Arry, with two ladies. He is speaking to the Chinaman, who has withdrawn to a table, where he is amusing himself with balancing pieces of stick. "Now then," cries our friend, "why don't yer show yourself?" He comes forth, obedient and smiling. But in his eyes we read behind the smile the words, "Would that I had you, gentle Londoner, in Ningpo!" Outside the show, it is agreed that, whether it is better to be a giant or a dwarf, it is at any rate worse to be a showman's lecturer.

KEEPING THE BALL ROLLING.

IT might have been thought that during the last year or two the country had had enough of agitation. With the best of Governments in power, with an obedient majority in Parliament, with Ministers individually determined to please their loyal supporters or dis for it, and, above all, with the certainty under such

a Government of good trade, good harvests, no foreign troubles, and the other blessings which Providence vouchsafes to deserving Administrations, political disturbers might seem likely for a time to cease from troubling. But any one who should have thought this would have shown himself sadly ignorant of the generous earnestness which distinguishes—sometimes unpleasantly, as Lord Granville lately found—the true Radical. His motto is always "Forward," and he regards not the things that are behind. The conquest of the churchyards does but stir him up to a campaign against the churches; the victory over hares and rabbits to a crusade against pheasants, grouse, deer, and "other winged game." Still more does the failure of the attempt to rob the landlords of Ireland cheer him on to an endeavour to rob the landlords of England. He cannot live—the phrase is frequently true in a very literal sense—except in and by agitation, and agitation accordingly is his theme all the day and all the year. Already, though Parliament has barely risen some ten days, many inspiring trumpets have been blown. There is the Secretary of some Manchester Society who writes to the papers of his party complaining that between 1868 and 1874 the Tories published pamphlets containing "shamefaced and insolent" statements. Perhaps this gentleman, not being equipped with a dictionary, has made a little confusion between shamefaced and shameless; but his meaning is clear, and that is the chief point. He is anxious that his friends should state their views shamefacedly and insolently in their turn, for fear of accidents. Then we have Mr. T. P. O'Connor lecturing on the House of Lords, and Mr. Bradlaugh lecturing on the reform of the Land Laws. The great Sunday demonstration in Hyde Park against the Upper House is not understood to have been a very striking success; but then it is a first principle of modern Radicalism that the Londoner is a benighted being. And indeed the greatest proposal of all comes from no Londoner, nor from any part of London. Mr. George Fordham, of Royston, is anxious for a Reform League, and gives his reasons for wishing the formation of that particular nuisance. Indeed the impression that it is necessary to bestir oneself very much does not seem to be limited to professional agitators or to anonymous or insignificant crotcheteers. Not much, indeed, has been heard of the great National Vigilance Committee which was to be formed for the packing of the House of Commons and the abolition of the House of Lords. But voices, steady and respectable enough generally, have been lifted up against the unfortunate members of the Cabinet for taking a holiday. They ought, it would seem, to hold Cabinet Councils every day—what about we really do not know. The general impression intended to be created is that Radicalism is very earnest. There are in the future to be none of your lazy deferences to aristocratic cravings for amusement. Sessions are not to end for grouse-shooting, or partridge-shooting, or any such frivolous reasons. There is a great deal to be done, and it is to be done with the most tremendous activity and speed.

A student in another planet, who knew nothing of England and took his ideas of our social and political condition from the statements of these active gentlemen, would have a very odd and a singularly inaccurate notion of the state of this country. He would imagine that we were in pretty nearly the same plight as that in which the extreme partisans of the French Revolution represent France to have been before that event. The lower classes tyrannized over by the upper, a wealthy and bloated clergy oppressing and robbing the poor, workmen forced by law to work for impossible wages, personal liberty curtailed, odious disabilities enforced—all these things would float before his eyes as characteristics of what Mr. Carlyle used to call the Condition-of-England Question. It would be really curious to hear the opinions of such a person after six months' or a year's actual investigation of the country. This opinion might probably be formulated in language more forcible than polite; such, for instance, as "You fools, don't you know when to leave well alone?" This impolite question, of course, would not be addressed to Mr. O'Connor, or to Mr. Bradlaugh, or to the gentleman who thinks "shamefaced" a good word to run in a curlicue with "insolent." They know very well what they are about and what they want. It is not to be supposed, for instance, that Mr. O'Connor did not know quite well what he was doing when he addressed to the people of Southwark an argument eminently suited to the capacities of those who call themselves the people. One-sixth of the House before which he made his motion about the House of Lords, says Mr. O'Connor, voted for him. Argal, as the number of the whole House exceeds six hundred, if the whole House had been present over a hundred would have voted for him. Afterwards Mr. O'Connor cheerfully destroyed the value of this argument by remarking that, after all, the present Parliament does not represent England. A man who talks random nonsense of this kind is only formidable because he is evidently bent on agitation for agitation's sake. To do the member for Northampton justice, his method of agitating is different from this. The bait which Mr. Bradlaugh holds out to tempt his hearers to so-called Land Reform is "the compulsory cultivation of all cultivatable lands not hitherto cultivated." That is to say, Mr. Bradlaugh would have the State assume possession—it is fair to say that he would give compensation on something like Mr. Parnell's system—of all parks, forests, moors, &c., assigning them to actual tenant cultivators. The apparent moderation of this is another instance of the ways of the professional agitator. But it is a still more curious illustration of the un-English character of the agitation itself. It has lately become the fashion to laugh at the word un-English. But it may be humbly sug-

gested to the superior persons who laugh, that when a certain set of conditions have worked fairly well for some centuries, it is not altogether unreasonable to attach an unfavourable connotation to the word which expresses the destruction and reversal of those conditions. Mr. Bradlaugh's ideal of an England robbed of all that makes its present beauty is not aesthetically tempting: his ideal of an England occupied by small proprietors perpetually on the brink of starvation, owing to competition, dubious weather, and the want of capitalist landlords ready, as at present, to give a helping hand or to bear the brunt of the loss, is economically less tempting still. As for Mr. George Fordham and his Reform League, of the objects of which he gives a long list, it would be rather interesting to find a defender of the programme and pin him down to show the practical good which, even on his own showing, would arise from the adoption of its various items. The worst of it is that this is exactly what is never likely to be done. The skill which has induced a majority of Englishmen to vote for representatives who in their turn vote as if Nonconformists had grievances will do anything. The only thing to do is, of course, to meet controlment with controlment, and to organize and register stoutly against these thickcoming delusions.

It is agreeable to turn from the dreary platitudes of English agitators to the fine racy stuff which is being turned out on Irish platforms. Here, unfortunately, as in England, native products are being hardly pressed by American competition. Despite the efforts of a thousand spouters, with Mr. Dillon at their head—we beg Mr. Sullivan's pardon, with "John" Dillon at their head—a single American has come in an easy winner. Mr. Redpath is an American journalist, and is sometimes described as the Correspondent of an American journal. It is only to be regretted that the organ of light and sweetness which has the advantage of Mr. Redpath's contributions is not known. Nor indeed can there be said to be much known about Mr. Redpath at all. There have been in effete Britain distinguished persons who bore that name, but the climes which they finally sought were, if we remember rightly, Antipodean rather than Transatlantic. It seems, however, that Mr. Redpath, who emerged upon the horizon, as far as most people are concerned, at the beginning of this week, has been talking in Ireland for a considerable time. He has been proving—rather a stale occupation for a man of Mr. Redpath's powers—that Irish landlordism represents "the foulest confiscation," and that every lawyer in Christendom, it seems, knows Mr. Redpath's law to be good law. It seems also that Lord Oranmore, more naturally than wisely, did Mr. Redpath the wholly unmerited honour of mentioning him in the House of Lords. This has greatly grieved Mr. Redpath. He does not "like to be lectured by an inferior, and every king, queen, and lord in Europe is the inferior of every Republican on this earth." The reason of Mr. Redpath's indignation at Irish affairs, it seems, is purely chivalrous. He cannot bear to see "a race of noble women" ill dressed, instead of being dressed warmly and in good attire all the time, and in purple and fine linen on Sundays. "Queens," says Mr. Redpath, with perhaps an insufficient knowledge of the habits and history of the lower animals, "have had these trappings long enough." Then, after some further observations as to the meanness of the Irish aristocracy and the nobility of the Irish poor, which were of course cheered to the echo, Mr. Redpath diverged into a plan of campaign against England. He has had, it seems, some military experience—is, indeed, probably a colonel in his own land—and, with rather surprising common sense, he told his hearers that their chances against England were in the field of battle decidedly small. He accordingly counselled patience and a preliminary gripping of the land. The result of these utterances was what can be best described as a corn-stealing picnic. We cannot see that there is any reason to threaten Mr. Redpath, as injudicious persons have done, with the fate of some previous Republicans who neglected Lord Oranmore's excellent advice and did not mind their own business. Mr. Redpath is in our opinion a most useful man, and one to be cordially welcomed. Now that not a few people in England are delicately playing with Republicanism, pointing out what a nice thing it is, how it hardly needs distinguishing from limited monarchy, and so forth, it is very good to have a real genuine Republican fruit exhibited whereby all men may know the nature of the tree. Mr. Redpath's exquisite politeness, his modest comparative appreciation of himself and others, his accurate knowledge of history, political economy, the philosophy of government, the principles of distributive justice, and other sciences, speculative and practical, strike us as really refreshing examples of voluntary Helotism. The Helot Republic has kindly made us a present of an awful example, without any necessity for intoxicating him or in any other way incurring moral guilt. Indeed we should not be surprised if some very long-headed Republican were to accuse the accused aristocrats of having bribed Mr. Redpath to make his display. Certainly it comes very pat and useful at the moment. Mr. Bradlaugh's notion of an England with all the woods stubbed up and all the fells and heaths changed into the holdings of half-starved crofters, the doctrines of M. de Freycinet's adversaries in France as to toleration and the rights of persons, and Mr. Redpath's general American views of private manners and public ethics, compose a panorama of contemporary Republicanism which is in the highest degree instructive. If this is what all our agitations tend to (and it will be hard to show that it is not), there must be common sense enough left in England to remember a certain proverb in a partially obsolete work concerning old wine and new.

HYÈRES.

THE numerous visitors who now run every autumn along the beautiful line of railway between Marseilles and Nice leave on their right, soon after passing Toulon, a short branch which leads through an almost tropical valley to the half-forgotten little winter station of Hyères. A quarter of a century ago, when Nice still lay beyond the Italian border, and Cannes consisted, as its name imports, of a mere fishing village among the cane-brakes which lined the bays of the Esterel, Hyères had already won favourable notice as a temporary home for Northern invalids. But fortune has been more propitious to the easterly towns. Lord Brougham's villa set the example at Cannes; the French annexation has turned Nice into a little Brussels on the Mediterranean shore; M. Leblanc has transformed Monaco into the gambling capital of Europe; and the tide of invalids has made Mentone and San Remo familiar to our ears as fashionable resorts. Meanwhile, Hyères, the eldest aspirant amongst them all, has fallen into comparative oblivion, from which it is only slowly recovering under the impetus of its branch railway and its somewhat spasmodic efforts to regain its lost position. Yet the City of Orange Groves, as its inhabitants poetically term it, is not without many strong attractions of its own. Perched high on the side of a craggy schistose hill, in a latitude south of Florence, it overlooks at a distance of three miles the roadstead and islands by which it is best known to the outer world; while its landward view embraces at once the wooded heights of the Maurettes, the Oriental vegetation of the plain, and the bare limestone peaks of the great range which encircles the Toulon valley. Probably the almost universal belief that Hyères is built on one of its own islands forms the main reason why it is so comparatively seldom visited by the crowd of winter tourists who yearly hurry past it towards the gayer cities of the Riviera.

Between the dark porphyry block of the Esterel and the white ridges that gird round Marseilles, a mass of broken slaty hills, the Montagnes des Maures, cuts off the valley of the Argens from the sea. Tossed about by the upheaving energy into the wildest confusion, the Maures form at present a series of indistinguishable peaks and spurs, the furthest southerly outliers of the Maritime Alps. Their sides are thickly covered with an evergreen coat of pines and cork-oaks, while at the very summit a crest of denuded rock generally rises like a dome in the centre of every separate little system. The Maurettes, upon whose flanks the town of Hyères is planted, form the south-westernmost of these minor divisions. Both names recall the period, as late as the eleventh century, when the Moorish pirates had a fixed settlement on the Provençal coast, while many of the natural features in the neighbourhood still retain their strange Arabic titles. Amid so much exotic vegetation, however, the Oriental names hardly surprise the ear. Between the Maurettes and the bay a singularly level alluvial flat fills up the valley, which must in tertiary times have formed an arm of the sea, penetrating inland to the very foot of the Pharon and the Coudon, those huge piles of naked rock which block up the view to the westward. Enclosed between the Maurettes on the north and the rounded ridge of the Montagne des Oiseaux to the south, the Hyères valley gradually silted up with the detritus of the encircling ranges, and formed that rich soil which now supplies the markets of Marseilles and Paris with an almost incredible amount of early fruits and vegetables. Palæolithic implements occur in considerable numbers among the drift.

The plain so composed is sufficiently sheltered from the north by the Maurettes to permit the existence of a subtropical flora. The common clipped date-palm of the Riviera grows abundantly along the little boulevards of the town, and a few taller and more Egyptian-looking stems diversify the aspect of the endless garden plots. The prickly pear spreads over the rocky terraces in true Mexican profusion; while the great American aloe threatens to become a positive nuisance by its rapid spread among the dry hill-sides, which may well remind it of its native Jamaican home. Indeed, under the clear blue sky of Provence, the general effect of the landscape at Hyères is, if anything, a trifle too realistically tropical. The little white *bastides*, however, scattered up and down the valley in thick profusion, recall rather the Ionian coast; and George Sand describes some of the pretty neighbouring cliff paths as "a promenade on the shores of Greece." The orange-trees which once grew in all the surrounding fields encouraged the fanciful spirit of the Renaissance to identify the Îles d'Hyères with the Gardens of the Hesperides; a harmless delusion which the modern inhabitants have studiously fostered, though the islands are in reality mere barren rocks, picturesque objects in the view from the town, but quite incapable of producing the golden apples of the legend. Even in the sheltered plain of the mainland oranges are now no longer grown as a commercial crop, the competition of Algeria and the Azores having proved too much for the native producer. Only a few stray trees recall the memory of the imaginary Fortunate Islands. But it is seldom that the mistral, that masterful wind—its name is simply the clipped Provençal form of *magistral*—can find its way round the sheltering barrier of the Maurettes.

Of course a spot so specially favoured by climate has always formed a natural centre of human life. Setting aside the relics of the Stone Age, the Château de Laoubes stands upon the site of Olbia, a Greek colony perhaps as old as the Phœcean Massalia. A similar colony seems to have held the castle hill of Hyères itself, one of those naturally commanding eminences which appear as

though specially designed for the protection of the rich lowlands at their feet. Coins of Helleno-Celtic date have indeed been found among the foundations of the modern town. The Roman ruins of Pomponiana, situated on the sea-shore some three miles off amid the gardens which still bear the suggestive title of the *Quartier des Horts*, possess only a purely antiquarian interest. They belong to the class which attract excavators and scholars rather than tourists. The sea-beaten remains of a bathing-establishment and harbour, with the bare foundations of a forum and a few villas, cannot of course compare with the magnificent structures still standing entire at Arles and Nîmes, or even with the amphitheatre and aqueduct at the neighbouring little port of Fréjus. But the most casual searcher can easily find numerous fragments of figured pottery, while more careful quest is rewarded by the discovery of unbroken lamps, and regular researches have resulted in unearthing fine *amphoræ* and numerous coins. Mediæval Hyères still answers for itself in *propria persona*. The old town covers the southern side of the castle hill, surrounded to the present day by rough masonry walls of the eleventh century, with a few dismantled towers and machicolated bastions running up the slope towards the summit. Only a relic or two of the ancient buildings crown the bold mass of lichen-covered rock; but the site itself is interesting, and the view from the crest stretches over the whole plain and roadstead as far as the Bay of Toulon. Small narrow streets run down the hill from the castle in every direction, as badly drained—or, rather, as wholly undrained—as those of most other Provençal towns. There are few architectural attractions; the two churches are poor and mean-looking, the best of them having but a plain and heavy exterior, with three very much restored Romanesque portals, and an interior which is too dark to be seen, or tawdry in the one chapel where sufficient light is admitted for distinct vision. To say the truth, the lovely Ligurian and Provençal coast between Genoa and Marseilles is little remarkable for the beauty of its architecture. The perpetual terror of the Barbary pirates, which never wholly died out till the present century, seems to have prevented the people from bestowing much time or pains upon ecclesiastical art. The villages nestle for the most part under shelter of castles perched on high peaks, and built wholly with a view to the protection of the agricultural champaign; and the most sacred shrines consist of mere plastered pilgrimage chapels, hanging on the summit of almost inaccessible rocks, and approached by tracks lined with neglected little white-washed oratories, vacant of the images which once adorned them. The beauty of the surrounding hill country, of the clear Mediterranean skies, and of the sea with its range of rocky islands, must make up to the lover of the picturesque for the want of Norman churches or Angevin châteaux.

Modern Hyères lies below its mediæval but still surviving predecessor, like a large faubourg, consisting mainly of a single long street which runs from end to end of the town, just without the ancient gates. It is composed of one mass of hotels and pensions for the use of winter visitors, opened, for the most part, only during the winter season. The old town and the new have little in common, save the solitary fact of their accidental juxtaposition. But even the English quarter—for modern Hyères is all but exclusively an English colony—has few gaieties or amusements of the sort familiar at Nice and Cannes. It is emphatically the invalid's resort; and most of the visitors have come because they are really in delicate health, not because they wish to idle away the colder months of the year in pleasant Mediterranean quarters with a club, a casino, and an occasional dance. As a consequence, living at Hyères is decidedly cheaper than in the more fashionable towns on the Riviera. People who require the perpetual stimulus of external excitement to keep them from mental stagnation call it dull; but those who can find sufficient entertainment in beautiful and ever-varying walks, charming drives, and all but uninterrupted sunshine, will not complain of wanting occupation. For genuine invalids the quiet of Hyères is doubtless preferable to the noisy and obtrusive gaiety of Nice or the dangerous proximity of Monte Carlo. The country around is delightful in its extraordinary variety. Immediately behind the town stretches the wooded range of the Maurettes, a tumbled mass of rock, with bold crags rising above the surface on every prominent point, and thick cork-groves covering the winding sides or shady valleys. Innumerable paths thread in and out in all directions among the brushwood, none of which apparently lead to any definite point, or serve any definite function save that of affording fresh views to the tourist. The lower slopes are covered with the sombre and silvery foliage of the olive, here a mere stunted bush, whose gnarled trunks never attain the magnificent dimensions of their Athenian and Italian congeners. The plain at their feet cannot be called picturesque; but it possesses a certain interest of its own in detail, from its Southern vegetation and its carefully tilled garden-plots of strawberries and artichokes, stretching over many miles in every direction. Beyond this curious fragment of Asia Minor, strayed into the coasts of France, a second range of red sandstone hills contrasts finely in its rounded contour with the jagged slaty tops of the Maurettes. On its seaward shoulder stands a hermitage of Our Lady, a picturesque object as seen from the modern town, with a brand-new Romanesque tower surmounting the massive pillars and simple round arches of the early building. This is one of those little hill-chapels, so common in Provence, whose sanctity probably dates back, like that of the Mont Ste. Victoire which commemorates Marius's victory at Aix, to a period long preceding the introduction of Christianity. At the mouth of the valley lies the roadstead, bounded to the west by

the peninsula of Giens, which is in reality a former island of the little archipelago now linked to the mainland by two curious arched belts of shingle, not unlike the Chesil Bank which bridges over the Fleet from the Isle of Portland to our own Dorsetshire coast. Between the two banks lies a large sea pond, partly laid out into wyes for the manufacture of bay salt, and connected with the main body of the roadstead by a small Roman canal. Six or seven miles in the offing, the three islands of Porquerolles, Porteros, and the Ile du Levant, rise up as lines of bold, blue hills—the *Stechades* of the Greek geographers, which have not yet lost their etymological trick of shifting their relative positions with every fresh point of view. The whole picture is completed by the range of pine-clad heights to the east and the open sea toward Corsica, where the Toulon squadron may often be seen performing its evolutions under shelter of the surrounding mountains. The extensive panorama from the summit of the castle hill embraces all these varied objects at a single glance. From the neighbouring peak of Fenouillet the eye ranges still further, to the riven gorge of Ollioules and the snow-clad Alpine crests of the Col de Tende.

BACHELOR HOUSEHOLDERS.

MUCH has been said and written about the miseries of those unfortunate persons who are compelled to put up with the accommodation offered by apartments for single gentlemen. The discomfort of the rooms, the greasy cooking, the slovenly servants, and, above all, the predatory tendencies of the landlady, have been feelingly described, and various remedies more or less practicable have been from time to time suggested. But it is to be feared that such inconveniences are inseparable from the bachelor state, for no good seems to come of all the suggestions made for their mitigation. From one point of view, it is well that this should be so. If bachelors could add to the blessings of their condition the one which they seldom enjoy, of being really comfortable at home, the complaints so often heard of the reluctance of young men to marry would be still more common. Perhaps the most satisfactory device which has yet been hit upon for dispensing with landladies is for three or four men of somewhat similar tastes and occupations to take a house and live together. It is possible to be moderately comfortable in such circumstances, but something always happens sooner or later to break up a society thus formed. We remember a case which occurred in a large provincial town, where the experiment was tried by some of the younger masters in the local grammar school. All went well for a time. Gradually rumours were spread abroad, perhaps by vindictive lodging-house keepers, that the conduct of these reprobate young men was by no means what it should be. They possessed latch-keys, and sometimes went home late at night. They habitually played whist in the evening. At last society was scandalized by hearing strains of secular music proceeding from the "monastery" windows on a wet Sunday afternoon. The "monks," as they were generally called, fell into evil repute. As gaps were made in their ranks, new comers were discouraged from joining them. Finally the society was broken up and the cause of respectability triumphed. A more successful attempt of the kind was made in London. In this case there was nothing to be feared from the opinions of society, which concerns itself little with the manner in which bachelors live at home, provided that they make themselves tolerably agreeable abroad. The various household functions were carefully distributed. A Cambridge Wrangler took charge of the financial department. A standing Committee was appointed to deal with the cook, and another to take cognizance of any dereliction of duty on the part of the housemaid in the matter of dust and cobwebs. Fortunately one or two of the men were methodical persons, who rather liked the work of house-keeping than otherwise, and the want of a mistress in the establishment was scarcely felt. But a matrimonial example was too soon set and followed, the survivors could not agree in the choice of new members, and so they parted. As bachelorhood is with many men only a transitory state, it is impossible to hope that any society thus constituted can be permanent; and persistent gynothropes, as Captain Mayne Reid, in one of his novels, calls women-haters, must regard such an arrangement as nothing more than a bright episode in the dreary succession of comfortless lodging-houses.

The most dangerous error into which a desperate man can fall is to suppose that he may remedy the evils attendant on his condition by boldly abandoning lodgings altogether and setting up as a householder on his own account. The experiment is a tempting one. To be absolute master of one's own establishment, and to order all things according to one's own pleasure, are strong inducements, and nothing but actual experience can teach the difference between theory and practice in these as in other points. The enterprising bachelor becomes at once an object of the liveliest interest to his friends. Offers of advice and assistance come in from every side. One lady offers to engage his servants for him, another is anxious to superintend the decoration of the house, a third will go about with him to choose furniture. Here his troubles begin. His friends, probably, have longings after high art, belong perhaps to different schools, while his main desire is comfort; and he will need considerable tact to enable him to have any voice at all in the settlement of his own domestic arrangements. Meanwhile, tickets of membership of every Co-operative

Society in London are presented to him, and he is inundated with the names and addresses of honest tradesmen, sober charwomen, and deserving objects of charity.

It is needless to mention the many troubles which beset the unhappy man as soon as he is fairly established. Rates, taxes, drains, plumbers, and mendicants are the common lot of householders of all sorts and conditions, and they cannot be said to weigh more heavily upon bachelors than upon married men. His worst foes are they of his own household. It is a painful experience to have a cook who will do nothing without special orders. No length of time teaches her what her employer likes and what he does not like for dinner. Each morning as he is finishing his breakfast comes the dreaded tap at the door. The cook appears, makes a comprehensive survey of the room, as though she expected to find an entire change in its furniture and general aspect since she last entered it, and opens the conversation. Starting from the state of the weather, she proceeds to remark upon the effects of drought on the production of cauliflowers, or gives a masterly sketch of the fluctuations of the potato market consequent upon the excessive rains. Thence she passes on to the question of the day's dinner. It is useless to tell her to get anything that happens to be in season. It is not thus that she has learned her duty to her employer. She has come for dinner to be ordered, and ordered it eventually is, though probably she, after all, has most to do with it. It is hard to say whether town or country servants give more trouble. Perhaps the most unpleasant, though most virtuous, specimen of her class is the elderly woman who is always recommended by the rector of a country parish to take charge of a bachelor's establishment. She is generally deficient in the matter of teeth, excessive in the use of aspirates, and her chief qualifications are said to be that she is clean, honest, and economical. It would seem as though these three virtues had been impressed upon her from her youth up as the most desirable to be cultivated. There is an elaborate assertion of candour in her slightest utterance which at once impresses the listener; and, no sooner is she installed in a new post, than she begins to make a great display of her three cardinal virtues for the edification of her employer. He, good easy man, would rather associate the idea of cleanliness with some definite effect upon the appearance of his rooms than with the continual sight and smell of soap-suds; but he is unwilling to check the praiseworthy exertions of his servant. He has ignorantly supposed that economy and honesty have their visible outcome in a reduction of his weekly expenses; but, so far as he can see, they are chiefly represented by the reappearance at table day after day of uneatable scraps, and dregs undrinkable. The rigid economy which refuses to throw away such unavailing relics is further illustrated by reluctance to accept as soiled any linen which may be left about the bedroom. Cast-off shirts are carefully folded up and replaced in a drawer, to be taken out, perhaps, some evening when their owner is dressing in a hurry by the scanty light of a single candle. The "handy girl" whom such a woman regards as her proper colleague, or rather subordinate, is chiefly noteworthy from her extreme nervousness, and the stertorous nature of her breathing when she is in her master's presence. She seldom appears, however, being duly kept in the background by her superior officer. When there is no special work for her to do, she is generally set to "clean up"—either the kitchen-floor or her own person. Her face is usually covered with a glaze of yellow soap, and always bears traces of recent friction. When she has been a short time in her place, and begins to be of some real use in the house, she probably rebels against the iron rule of the cook. That functionary announces that she is beginning to "give herself airs," and she is replaced by a girl of more tender years and more utter helplessness. In town, of course, the two maid-servants who generally constitute a bachelor's household are pretty much on an equality, and their respective functions are more clearly defined than in the country. But it may be doubted whether things go the more smoothly on that account. If the servants are town-bred, they are sure to have a quantity of relations in the neighbourhood, and the warmth of their family affection is something beyond all previous experience. They are in favour of employing the local tradesmen, and are eloquent on the bad quality of provisions which come from the Stores. If the householder fondly fancies that he can escape these evils by engaging servants from the country, he soon finds out his mistake. They cannot go on an errand without missing their way, or being delayed at crossings, and are constantly having their pockets picked while lost in contemplation of the Albert Memorial or other triumphs of modern art.

But neither the awkwardness of the one class nor the doubtful honesty of the other is the thing to be most feared. From various indications it begins to appear that the relations between the two domestics are somewhat strained. The housemaid never mentions the cook without mysterious tossings of the head and a ceremonious emphasis on her name. The cook, when she comes for orders, lets fall casual remarks on the flightiness of housemaids at large. Voices from below are heard pitched in a higher key than usual, until some day there are sounds as of a scuffle in the hall, and one or other of the servants rushes abruptly into the room with heightened colour and broken utterance, and bursts into tears in the midst of an impassioned declaration that she cannot stay in the house another day. Her bewildered employer seeks refuge in flight, but finds her fellow-servant in a fainting state at the foot of the stairs, and is forced to hear her version of the story. After this there are only two courses open to him;

either to dismiss the servants, shut up the house, and throw himself, with the humility which befits a returned prodigal, on the mercy of his former landlady; or, by proposing to the first eligible woman whom he may chance to meet, to prepare the way for leisurely repentance.

THE PORTRAITS OF CERVANTES.

THERE are not many faces among those of the great men of the past that seem so thoroughly familiar to us as the face of Cervantes. The very name is enough with most of us to call up the image of the well-known features, and almost any one with a moderate gift for portraiture could sketch them from memory so that nine persons out of ten would at once recognize the likeness. It is a pity that a faith like this, in itself so striking a proof of the personal affection the world feels for the great novelist, should have no foundation to rest upon; but such, unfortunately, is the case as regards the reputed portraits of Cervantes. One authentic portrait of him we certainly do possess, the one drawn by himself in the prologue to the *Novelas Exemplares*; but of the portraits which appeal to the eye there is not one with any better voucher of authenticity than can be shown for the early Scottish monarchs in the Holyrood Gallery. It may not be amiss, perhaps, to review the evidence on which they stand, especially as one of them has been lately put forward in a new and very inviting form.

Taking the portraits which claim to represent Cervantes in the order of their appearance in public, the first is that which was prefixed to the handsome edition of *Don Quixote*, in four volumes, large 4to., published in London, in 1738, by Jacob Tonson, under the patronage of Lord Carteret—the first of all editions, it may be observed, to recognize the rank of the book as something above a mere popular romance not worth editorial or artistic care. This portrait made no pretence whatever to authenticity. Dr. Oldfield, who appears to have been editor-in-chief, apologizes for putting an emblematic frontispiece in the place of honour, saying that with all the exertions they had made ("por mas solicitud que aya puesto") they had been unable to find a portrait of Cervantes. The search, we must presume, extended to Spain, for naturally the first person to be applied to would be Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, who had been engaged to write the life of Cervantes for the edition, and who, as the first scholar and critic in Spain at the time, would be in a position to give valuable advice and assistance in a matter of the kind. They had, too, the help of Pedro de Pineda, who no doubt was able to aid in setting inquiries on foot; so that, on the whole, we may fairly assume that, as the undertaking was one on which no expense was spared, the search was not abandoned until it was seen to be hopeless. Unwilling, however, to send the book into the world without some kind of effigy of the author, the editors decided to have a fancy portrait executed and prefixed to the life by Mayans y Siscar. It was described as "Portrait of Cervantes by himself" ("por el mismo"), meaning that it was founded upon the portrait in words given in the prologue to the novels and quoted in full by Mayans y Siscar at the end of his memoir. Vertue was the engraver, and the designer was Lord Burlington's versatile protégé Kent, architect, landscape-gardener, portrait-painter, and sculptor; a clever but unquestionably second-rate artist, whose best-known work, the Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, this Cervantes portrait strongly resembles in manner and treatment, so far at least as a drawing can resemble a statue.

The next in date was that published by the Spanish Academy in their noble edition of *Don Quixote* in 1780, "Ibarra's *Quixote*," which, as Ferriar says,

charms the sight

With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright.

They, too, wished to grace their edition with a portrait, but were naturally reluctant to reproduce so unsatisfactory a work as the Kent and Vertue engraving, the only one that seemed forthcoming. At length, however, after much inquiry, it was ascertained that a certain Count Aguila at Seville was in possession of an old portrait, said to be of Cervantes; and to him the Academy applied for leave to examine the picture—an application to which the Count responded with patriotic generosity, not only sending the picture, but presenting it as a gift. But when Count Aguila's picture came to be examined, it was found, to the amazement of the Academy, that as a portrait it was substantially the same as the London engraving, and that, in fact, to use their own words, "one must of necessity be a copy of the other" ("el uno debia ser precisamente copia del otro"). Perplexed by this curious coincidence, they applied once more to Count Aguila. All the information he could give was that he had bought the picture some years before from a picture-dealer in Madrid, who had sold it to him as a work of Alonso del Arco, a painter born about ten years after the death of Cervantes. The matter was then referred to the Directors of the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, who reported, after due consideration, that the painting was older than the engraving, founding their opinion on the mellowness (rancio) of its tone and the appearance of the canvas, which seemed to be of the preceding century. They added, moreover, that the painting could not have been copied from the engraving, because the face looks the opposite way, which would not be the case if it were a copy, and is just what would be the case if it had served as the engraver's original; and their conclusion was that, while it was clearly not a portrait painted from life, it was not a mere fancy portrait, but very possibly a copy of an older

and better work of the time of Cervantes. How far this was thought satisfactory by the Academy we cannot say; but at any rate they had the portrait engraved by Carmona for their edition; and it is from this engraving, or else from the production of Kent and Vertue, that publishers have drawn their portraits and the public taken its ideas of the features of Cervantes ever since. As to the relation between the two, it is plain that the theory of the San Fernando academicians was that the London portrait was a copy of the Aguila painting. But this is a theory that cannot hold its ground for a moment. Not to speak of the improbability of such a trick on the part of the promoters of the London edition, the inconceivable silliness and stupidity of the suppression make it absolutely impossible. It would have been an incomprehensible policy indeed for the editors, after having been at the trouble and expense of finding and engraving the portrait, to pass off the copy of it as the pure invention of their own artists, thereby defeating the very object they had in view. If they thought the portrait untrustworthy, they need not have engraved it; but to engrave it and then publish the work as a result of their own fancy, inserted because they had nothing better to offer, would have been something beyond stupidity and folly. If it was worth engraving it was worth owning, and however doubtful its date and pedigree might have been, it would have served their purpose better than a confessedly imaginary work. If, then, the deliberate opinion of the Spanish Academy be correct, that one must be a copy of the other, it follows that Kent's drawing must have been the foundation of the Aguila painting; nor, as any candid critic will own, is there much in the arguments of the San Fernando experts against such a conclusion. The first thing that a painter would think of when about to concoct an "old portrait"—for this, of course, must be the hypothesis—would be a canvas of suitable age, an article very easily procured, and there are more ways than one of obtaining a proper mellowness of tone. And then as to the face looking left instead of right; it is very unlikely that the painter, under the circumstances, would have had recourse directly to the engraving in the London 4to; much more likely that he would have copied from some more readily accessible reproduction of it in which, as usual, the position of the face would be reversed—like that, for instance, in the Hague edition of the "Novelas" in 1739. The conclusion, in short, must be that, while there is not a scintilla of evidence to prove the picture a genuine portrait of Cervantes, there is very strong presumptive evidence that it is nothing more than a fabrication founded on Kent's fancy portrait.

So much for the current likeness of Cervantes; but there are one or two other claimants to be noticed. About fifteen years ago an interest nearly as great as that created in Florence by the discovery of Dante's features on the wall of the Bargello was produced in Seville by the announcement that a portrait of Cervantes had been discovered in the Museo Provincial, formerly the convent of La Merced, in a picture attributed to Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velazquez. It had always been an article of belief that Pacheco had made a portrait of Cervantes, as he kept a kind of album in which he inserted pencil or crayon likenesses of illustrious or distinguished personages at Seville. There is no proof, however, that Cervantes had a place in the book, and certainly there is no trace of him in the MS. volume, which is said to be the original, or at least a fragment of the original, of Pacheco. Nor indeed, *a priori*, does it seem very probable that, even as author of the *Galatea*, poor Cervantes picking up a precarious livelihood on the wharfs of Seville would have come under the category described by Pacheco. The glory of *Don Quixote* is apt to blind us to the obscurity in which its author lived. However, the belief helped to favour the theory of Don José Asensio y Toledo, who, on the authority of a MS. of unknown date and authorship, but claiming to be a relation of affairs at Seville from 1590 to 1640, announced that there was a portrait of Cervantes in a picture by Pacheco representing Redemptorist Fathers releasing Moorish captives at Algiers. On examination the only picture by Pacheco that seemed likely to be the one meant in the MS. was a "Scene from the Life of San Pedro de Nolasco," in which, Don José maintained, the head of the Saint was a portrait of the Padre Bernal, who had been active in releasing captives at Algiers, and whose portrait Pacheco speaks of having painted. In this picture, therefore, he concluded the portrait of Cervantes was to be found, and he found it in the head of a boatman in the foreground, who is holding his boat ready for the embarkation of the Saint. The evidence, it will be perceived, hangs together very loosely. In the first place there is no proof that the MS. is an authority worth paying any attention to; then, the identification of the Museo picture with the one referred to in the MS. cannot be said to be made out; nor, again, the identification of the boatman with Cervantes. And there are several arguments against the latter. It is likely that a painter, wishing to introduce a characteristic portrait of a man like Cervantes, would have chosen to represent him as a boatman? Cervantes at the time of his release from Algiers was between thirty-three and thirty-four, and the boatman in the picture is at least ten years younger; he has only the beard of a very young man, while Cervantes was a remarkably full-bearded man, and in his description of himself written at Algiers describes himself emphatically as "bien barbado." When Pacheco knew him, if indeed they ever met, Cervantes was past fifty, and the painter reproducing his features afterwards would have been more likely to err in the other direction by painting him older than he really was at the time of his release. It is plain that the

boatman in the picture has the perfect use of both hands and arms. That Cervantes had literally lost his left hand is doubtful; but that he had lost the use of left hand and arm—"lost the movement," to use his own expressive phrase—is beyond a doubt; and this was a fact which no sympathetic painter (and Pacheco was a poet as well as a painter) would have suppressed or slurred over, being, as it was, a pride and a glory to the man of whom he was striving to produce a characteristic memorial. These are among the difficulties that suggest themselves against the claim Don José has set out, with no less ingenuity than enthusiasm, in his *Nuevos documentos para ilustrar la vida de Cervantes*, to which a copy of the portrait is prefixed.

For the portrait we mentioned as having been lately republished there is even less authority. This is the one which has been reproduced by the Woodbury process in the gallery of "The Hundred Greatest Men," now in course of publication by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It is from a fine line engraving by Charles Bouvier, published in 1825 by the Société des Arts of Geneva, by whom it was described as a portrait of Cervantes, and after a painting by Velazquez. For neither assertion is there the slightest authority beyond the *ipse dixit* of the Société; and they are in a manner contradictory, for Velazquez was a boy of sixteen when Cervantes died, so that, if this, which is obviously a portrait from life, is a portrait of Cervantes, it cannot be his work, or, if it be his work, it cannot be a portrait of Cervantes. But there is, in fact, no ground for supposing it to be one or the other. The original painting in the possession of Dr. Briere, of Yverdon, has no history or tradition in any way connecting it with Cervantes, Velazquez, or Spain, and the ascription is entirely the conjecture of the Société des Arts. The painting of the head, which is all that the engraver has reproduced, is certainly somewhat in the manner of Velazquez; but no other part of the picture, which is a large one, resembles his work in the slightest degree; and as to the possibility of its being a portrait of Cervantes, the costume alone is decisive. The broad falling collar, as we know by contemporary portraits, did not come into fashion until long after his time; nor was the hair in his day worn long and bushy as it is in the picture, in which moreover it is grey, while in the case of Cervantes it was, as we know, still "chestnut" when he was drawing close to seventy. The details too—as for instance a lute lying on the table beside the figure—are inconsistent with the notion of Cervantes being the subject. It is as well perhaps that there is no case to be made out in this instance, for the face is not one that would be acceptable to any one who loves the author of *Don Quixote*. There is both humour and character in it, but it is not the sort of face from behind which we should expect the conception of the dear old visionary of La Mancha.

In short, though editors and publishers will no doubt to the end of time continue to present the public with portraits of Cervantes, the best they have to offer is not more trustworthy than the old blind bust that does duty for the likeness of Homer. It is not, of course, impossible that an unimpeachable portrait may yet be found, but the chance is certainly a remote one. There are only two distinct traditions in Spain of portraits of Cervantes. One has been already mentioned in connexion with Pacheco; the other is of a portrait painted by the poet Juan Jauregui, to whose skill as a painter Lope, among others, bears testimony. This depends upon the words of Cervantes himself in the prologue to the "Novels." He is there grumbling about having to write another preface, a labour which the friend who urges it might have spared him, he says, by having him "engraved and sculptured" on the first page of the book, "according to use and custom." This is plainly a sly hit at Lope de Vega, who was much given to publishing his portrait in front of his books, especially that of very handsome and youthful one originally prefixed to the *Arcadia* in 1598, of which a new impression had appeared not long before this was written, and in humorous contrast to which Cervantes may have drawn the picture of himself. "For," Cervantes continues, "the famous Don Juan Jauregui would give him my portrait." From this it has been assumed that Jauregui had actually painted a portrait. But the words "le diera mi retrato" do not necessarily imply anything of the kind. It is far more likely that they are nothing more than an instance of Cervantes's way of paying a good-natured passing compliment to a friend—a thing he was very fond of doing; that it is, in fact, as though he said, "If my portrait were to be made, there is no painter I should be so well satisfied with as Don Juan." It is very unlikely that there ever was such a portrait, for it is hard to see how it could have totally disappeared without leaving some trace behind it. When portraits disappear it is generally because their existence is unknown to those interested in the subject, or because they fall into the hands of people who set no value upon them, knowing nothing about their originals. But in this case everything was favourable to the preservation of the picture. Jauregui was a man of rank and position; he survived Cervantes for more than a quarter of a century, during which the fame of his friend spread far and wide; the "Novels" had been printed nearly a score of times, advertising this portrait to all the world. It would naturally have been treasured by its possessor, and known to a wide circle of men of taste and culture; and under such circumstances, even if the original did mysteriously vanish, surely some record of its existence would remain; if not a copy made for some *Quixote* worshipper, or an engraving procured by some enterprising bookseller of the Low Countries, at least some allusion, description, or reference to it from some one of the many contemporaries to whom it must have been well known.

On the whole, it seems probable that the world will have to

remain content with the likeness drawn by the pen that drew Don Quixote and Sancho; and there are, after all, touches in that which no painter could have rendered so well. A painter might better bring before the eye the "aquiline features," the "chestnut hair," the "beard of silver that was gold not twenty years ago," the nose "hooked but shapely withal"; and possibly he might manage to indicate those six remaining teeth, "ill-preserved and worse placed"; but no painter could put before us on canvas the "smooth, untroubled forehead, and cheerful eyes," as we see them in the playful little picture of himself which the great novelist has sketched for us. And these are the features that are best worth remembering, reminding us as they do that the long hard life of struggling poverty, neglect, failure, and disappointment was borne to the end with the spirit of a gallant soldier and the serenity of a true philosopher.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY OUTRAGE.

IT is to be hoped that no philanthropic association of persons for the protection of criminals will attempt to create an agitation against the firm and just sentence passed by Mr. Justice Stephen upon Henry Perry, who was convicted on Wednesday last of the crime of robbery with violence. The facts of the case were so simple and so glaring that the counsel for the prisoner had absolutely no resource except to attempt a line of defence which the Judge pronounced to be intangible. He tried to show that the prisoner had no intention of committing the serious crime of murder, but had only endeavoured to render his victim temporarily insensible in order to facilitate the robbery. The learned Judge very properly ruled that this was no defence at all, that counsel could only speak to the jury upon the facts, and that anything in mitigation of the sentence must be said after the verdict and to the bench. The prisoner, therefore, had practically no defence, but stood convicted, as it were, on his own confession.

It may be well before making any comments upon this somewhat remarkable case to give something like a summary of the facts. "Clarence Lewis, the prosecutor, about eighteen years of age," is an apprentice to a firm of tea-dealers at Aldgate and Kensington. He, being employed at the Aldgate branch, went on the 21st of August last "to Kensington, according to the usual practice, to fetch the cash." The sum given to him amounted to 105*l.* in cheques and gold, and, having put the bag containing it in his pocket, he went to the Kensington railway station to take the train. Here at the door he saw the prisoner, who attempted to claim acquaintance with him, followed him to the platform, and persuaded him to get into a first-class carriage with him. It might seem odd that the prosecutor so readily yielded to this persuasion; but it must be remembered that the prisoner was several years older than the prosecutor, that people can hardly be expected to suspect a possible assassin or robber in every chance person who makes conversation with them, and that a carriage on the Underground Railway is not at first sight a likely place for the commission of such a crime as that of which Perry has been convicted. Nor perhaps is it probable that, at first, Perry had any idea of committing his crime in the particular shape which it finally assumed. When he had got his victim into the carriage he began proceedings by asking him, with a curious naïveté, to taste some liquid in a bottle which he had with him, and which he said was "Zoedone, a mineral water. I did so," continued the prosecutor, in his evidence, "and it nearly choked me." Perry then, with amazing belief in the stupidity of his fellow-creatures, "poured something out of a bottle on to a handkerchief" and asked Lewis to smell it, which Lewis naturally refused to do. Then he offered Lewis some port, which also was naturally declined, and then the prisoner seems to have lost altogether the very small amount of circumspection which he displayed at first. His plan, if plan it can be called, was interrupted for a time by a lady getting into the carriage; but as soon as she had left it, he dealt Lewis a violent blow on the head with a stick which he carried, and having stunned him, continued, when he came to his senses again, "beating and kicking me about the head and body, and then tried to take the bag of money out of my pocket." The prisoner, it should be observed, had himself been for a time in the service of the tea-dealers who employ Lewis, and was aware that "it was the practice every Saturday to send a large sum of money from the Kensington establishment to Aldgate." After the beating and kicking had gone on for some little time, the train stopped at the Farringdon Street Station, where the prosecutor called for help, "but no one came." After the train had gone on again, Perry asked Lewis to tell him where the money was, which Lewis, with commendable pluck, refused to do. He then continued his beating of Lewis, apparently found out the pocket in which the money-bag was, and, with a diabolical ingenuity which he had not displayed before, tried to push Lewis out of the carriage door. "I begged him not to do so, and said he would kill me." Luckily he failed in this part of his attempt; and luckily also, when the train stopped at Aldgate, Lewis had strength enough to run after the prisoner and cause him to be arrested. "At this time," said Lewis, "I was very much injured, and was bleeding from my head and my hands"; and he was for ten days afterwards an in-patient of the hospital where he is still an out-patient.

It would have been useless to attempt to combat seriously the facts given in evidence by the prosecutor, and all that the

prisoner's counsel could do was to attempt the line of defence already referred to. Two bottles were found upon the prisoner when he was arrested, one containing chloroform and the other "port wine mixed with laudanum in a sufficient quantity to produce insensibility"; and, after the verdict of the jury had been given, it was proved by a colleague of the prosecutor's that the prisoner had the week before attempted, when the witness was entrusted with a sum of money to be taken from Kensington to Aldgate, to make him drink something out of a bottle.

No case could well be more complete against a prisoner, and Mr. Justice Stephen's summing-up and sentence were a model of clearness, judiciousness, and decision. The prisoner, he truly said, "had been convicted of one of the worst offences that had ever come to his knowledge." It was obvious that he had hoped to render the prosecutor insensible by hocussing, and to leave him under the suspicion of misappropriating the moneys entrusted to him—a suspicion which, it may be added, would have weighed heavily upon him, for his story of what actually happened might well have seemed improbable enough if Perry's first attempt had succeeded. Failing in this, he "had resorted to the most brutal violence," and, after this "had deliberately attempted to drag the prosecutor to the door of the carriage, intending to throw him out, evidently utterly regardless of the consequences." Commenting further upon the gross brutality of the prisoner's conduct, and the pain and suffering which he had inflicted, Mr. Justice Stephen went on to say that he felt it his duty to give Perry some idea of what physical suffering was, and sentenced him therefore to receive thirty lashes with the cat, and to be kept in penal servitude for twenty years.

This is a sentence which every sensible person must thoroughly approve, but though it completely satisfies the ends of justice, it does not of course immediately touch the general questions raised by the case, with which it was no part of Mr. Justice Stephen's duty to deal. Perhaps the first impression created in most people's minds after reading the case may be one of amazement at so great a crime being attempted in so clumsy a fashion. This, however, may be followed by a reflection as to what might have happened if the prisoner had had a tithe of the capacity constantly possessed by criminals in fiction, and too often possessed by robbers who would not stick at murder in real life. If Perry had succeeded in his attempt to push Lewis out of the carriage, it is possible that the chain of evidence against him might never have been completed. In a certain sense there was some ingenuity in the very audacity of the crime; for, as has been said, a railway carriage which stops every few minutes seems a very unlikely place to select for the commission of such a crime as Perry's, whether it takes the shape of hocussing or of violence. And to this fact it is possibly due, in part at least, that "no one came" when Lewis cried for help at Farringdon Street Station. No one, of course, would imagine that such a scene had taken place or could take place under such circumstances. It is the more important therefore that whatever steps can be taken should at once be taken to guard against the possibility of such a scene taking place again. It is more easy of course to say this than to point to an efficient remedy. Absolute protection against a completely unforeseen form of crime is impossible; and it is only a question to what degree protection can be ensured. The adoption of the American "car" is an obvious suggestion; but it must be remembered that the car might be practically useless without a conductor to patrol it. The evidence in this case points to the fact that Lewis was as much protected as he would have been in an ordinary saloon carriage, for the division between his carriage and the adjoining one did not run up to the ceiling, and could be looked over. But there happened to be no one in the next compartment, and in the same way of course it might happen that there might be no one in a "car," however spacious, except a robber or robbers and his or their victim. The fact that the prosecutor's cries for help at a station were unheard or unheeded is more curious, and calls for explanation. In any case something should be done, and done quickly, if only on the lowest motives, by Railway Companies to allay the sense of insecurity which the hearing of this case is certain to create in the public mind. The Underground Railway, in spite of its undoubted convenience, is not so perfect and pleasant a means of transport that its directors can afford to throw in the chance of their passengers being fallen upon, robbed, and possibly murdered, as a makeweight to its advantages.

TRAVEL IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE crush of home politics and anxieties as to our foreign affairs have interfered with an interesting sequence of letters from a Special Correspondent of the *Times* in South America. Those letters are well worth studying for the light they throw on the present condition of a continent that is steadily developing immense capabilities, in spite of spasmodic émeutes and a climate that is often enervating. We hear of significant changes that may seriously affect the prosperity and credit of countries in which English investors are interested. In three cases out of four the confiding capitalists who lent their money on the faith of seductive prospectuses have long ago discounted their losses and left all hope behind. But even States which have hitherto enjoyed deserved consideration see their future seriously compromised by circumstances they cannot control. There is Chili, for example,

Of course the costs of the war that was forced upon her must weigh heavily on her finances, and the Correspondent believes that the possible prizes of victory may prove to be curses in place of blessings. It is probable that when she signs terms of peace with Peru, Chili may insist on the cession of the frontier districts and islands, which contain valuable deposits of minerals and guano. Those early sources of lightly-won wealth have in reality impoverished the people that has hitherto possessed them, and there is the possibility, at all events, that a change of ownership may carry with it similar consequences. Chili has kept her credit on the Bourses of Europe chiefly by the hard-working habits of her agricultural population; and the acquisition of shorter cuts to fortune may conspire with the atmosphere to demoralize the Chilians. Independently of that, however, one of the staple exports of the State is being enormously affected by foreign competition. For long she has shipped from her overflowing granaries her surplus bread-stuffs, for the support of her Peruvian neighbours. But since the rich arable lands of the Californian coast, and notably the deep bottoms of the Sacramento Valley, have been turned into wheat farms that are practically limitless, the Chilean grain dealers have been undersold by consignments sent from San Francisco. And, so far as sentiment exerts any influence on trade, the heart-burnings that have been created by the struggle with her northern neighbour must inevitably have a tendency to tell against Chili.

We have directed attention to an illustration of the commercial value of these letters for the sake of those who are financially interested in South America. But their great charm for the general reader lies in the pictures they give of the grand scenery of the continent and of the manners and modes of life of the people; with their information as to means of travel, and the steady development of international communications. It seems almost out of place to speak of "touring" in connexion with the distances that are to be traversed, and the natural obstacles that must be surmounted. Touring suggests short and easy stages; careful registering of baggage and comfortable first-class railway carriages; sumptuous hotels or snug inns, with staffs of self-interested servants zealous to dance attendance on the tourist. In South America you find comparatively few of these things; and the half-breed natives in the half-settled districts still regard the stranger with the feelings of the mining rough immortalized by Leech. Only the half-brick which the English miner would have heaved takes the shape with South American Indians of an arrow-shot or a spear-thrust. At the same time, you need seldom face dangers of the kind, unless you deliberately choose to turn aside in search of them. At the very worst, when "establishing connexions" across the continent, to borrow the phraseology of Americans of the North, you have but to run the gauntlet of such chance perils through some days of forest riding from the terminus of one line of railway to another. For the progress those South Americans have made in railway construction has been really marvellous, all things considered. Undoubtedly the Grand Trunk lines, in their present stage, very frequently lead nowhere in particular. When they are not carried along parallel to the coast, stringing the thriving seaports together—in which cases, of course, they are useful and profitable—they generally tend ambitiously skywards, towards the summits of the Andes. The Cismontane Companies are reaching hands towards those Transmontane Companies which are opening up the pampas and the virgin forests. But the Western section often ends at the base of a precipice, with condors soaring picturesquely overhead; while the Eastern has come probably to a temporary standstill at some "one-horse" backwood city in the swamps. Out of Chili or the Argentine Republic, at all events, no one has probably suffered much, save the confiding European investor who indirectly supplied the funds for the enterprise. The great landowners, the mining Companies, and the native merchants of the inland towns have found a quick and cheap means of transport for themselves and their produce. The English or American contractors who promoted and constructed the lines have been paid, and paid liberally. And the traveller who would inspect the glories of the mountain ranges is enabled with ease to accomplish a journey where the game would formerly hardly have been worth the candle. For, as a rule, in the Southern hemisphere of America, while there must be many points of view which are absolutely matchless for rugged grandeur and stupendous sublimity, the characteristics of the scenery are monotony and aridity. On a clear day from the summit of the Cordillera you might look with the eye of the poet from that throne of clouds over half the world. Nevertheless working one's way from the plains to the summit on muleback would be a heart-breaking and interminable business. The paths lie for the most part in the beds or along the rills of the *arroyos*, or water-courses, that come down in flood for a brief space in the rains, and are choked in dust through the rest of the year. The scorching sun has powdered the friable rocks, and except on the patches of soil in the neighbourhood of water there is hardly a sign of vegetation anywhere. The people have no notion of irrigating. The swollen torrents run to waste in the rains, and the streams that are perennially fed from the snowfields shrink into trickling brooks in the height of the summer. But the dreary chasms of these heat-stricken deserts have been bridged over by railways ingeniously devised. The engineering feats of South American contractors throw into the shade the achievements that one admires on the Sömmerring. You may take a through ticket on the sea-coast and be delivered at your destination with a very moderate expen-

diture of vital energy, the heat and the dust notwithstanding. Then your troubles begin with a fresh base of departure in some mountain or mining city where you have been hospitably welcomed; and you must fall back upon four-footed beasts for the transport of your belongings, if not of your person. But we fancy that on those heights the riding is seldom disagreeable. While the lower ranges have been denuded of their timber, the forests beyond the reach of the woodman have been spared. There is shade under the leaves and fresh air in the openings; and at that elevation there is far less of the density of undergrowth which makes the forests in the Brazils almost impervious. Rising above the line of the trees and the scrub, it becomes of course a simple question of scrambling; the worst of it being, that when the climb has been accomplished, the odds are almost anything against the view you came in quest of.

The remarks on this subject in the letters of the *Times* Correspondent are fully confirmed by the despatches from Mr. Whympster. The peaks of the Andes are almost invariably wreathed in dense volumes of drifting vapour, so that the adventurous mountaineer has his exertions for his pains. As to monotony in the scenery, you find it as much in the pampas or the *llanos* as on the lower ribs of the rocky backbone of the Continent. You may ride for many days across limitless plains, where you are often buried out of reach of any air that may be stirring in the rank luxuriance of reeds and grasses, and where each successive clearing you emerge upon exactly resembles the last. You are oppressed by the same sense of vague immensity when coasting the endless seaboard. No line of coast elsewhere on the globe, the shores of Australia not excepted, are so little broken by bays or headlands. The introduction of steam navigation has not only economized time, but saved an infinity of precious lives and property. Where the traveller does find the perfection of picturesque marine scenery, as the *Times* Correspondent pointed out in a recent letter, is in threading the intricate archipelago of islands, rocks, and shoals, that lie stretched between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. The perils and the beauties of that complicated inner passage must make the mouth of the spirited ocean-yachtsman water. The Correspondent tells of common fore-castle men, who were in the habit of making the trips through those straits as a matter of business, awestruck by the irresistible sublimity which impressed them on each fresh occasion as forcibly as ever. Nor was that wonderful. For in the height of the Antarctic summer, "the narrow passages still wore a polar look; the glaciers slid down in perpendicular sheets from the brow of the hill to the water-edge; the waterfalls in the glens seemed to hang frozen in the air like crystal columns, and although neither the wind nor the storm reached us, we could see far up on the mountain summits, when a rift in the cloud laid them bare, the surface all covered with fresh-fallen and thick-fallen snow, drifting into wreaths, and heaving into heaps as it flew eddying before the blast." The slip of a mass of ice from these overhanging glaciers might lash the pent-up waters in the channel into fury, and possibly block the passage. But the crowning effect was in the charms of contrast. While winter reigned undisturbed on the heights, the lower slopes were covered with the brilliancy of summer vegetation. There was "a juxtaposition of ice and flowers, of snowy summits and grassy slopes, of blue glaciers bordering on green meadows and yellow corn-fields, and of icicles hanging on the branches of budding trees."

So far as we can judge, we should say that one of the chief drawbacks to South American travel was the difficulty of finding satisfactory Capas in which to recruit in the intervals of campaigning. Rio de Janeiro is perhaps an exception. There, at least, are infinite beauties of tropical scenery by land and sea, though the hotels, with a single suburban exception, leave, as we understand, a great deal to desire. But elsewhere the monotony of the mountain scenery is reflected in the uniform aspect of the cities, as well as in the habits of the national life. The cloudless climate seldom changes, while the Peruvians must make the best of it in a perpetual cloud-haze. It is true that the foreign residents are universally hospitable; but, after all, one hardly cares to cross the world for the dinners and dull domestic entertainments that have become a weariness of the spirit at home; and, on the whole, we are of opinion that travel in South America can only commend itself to exceptional temperaments.

THE EXPECTED DRAIN OF GOLD.

FOR some time back the business community has been disturbed by the apprehension of a large export of gold to the United States during the autumn. Were such an export to take place, it would drain away the reserve of the Bank of England, and, in bankers' phrase, raise the value of money—that is to say, raise the rates paid for the use of capital in the short-loan market. The effect of this would be either to trench upon the profits of legitimate trade, or else to enhance the prices of commodities, and in another direction to increase the risks of speculation, by adding to them the danger that advances might be obtainable only on conditions which would render the success of the speculation impossible. For a while these apprehensions became so acute as almost to deserve the name of a scare; but since the publication of the Bank of England return last week they have greatly diminished, until now the general disposition seems to be to look upon them

as wholly unfounded. To which of these views does the balance of probability incline?

The first point to inquire into is the American demand. As is well known, the money of the United States at present is of five different kinds—gold coin, silver coin, gold and silver certificates, greenbacks, and bank-notes, of which all but the latter are legal tender. The gold and silver certificates, however, we may leave out of account, because they are neither more nor less than receipts for the deposits of the precious metals, and obviously can be added to only by the import or production of the bullion they represent. The silver coins likewise may be left out of account, since they are not current. They are being struck by the American mints at the rate required by law, but they accumulate in the vaults of the Treasury, and are practically of no more use to satisfy a currency demand than if they were in Japan. Of the three remaining kinds of money, the greenbacks are fixed in amount by Act of Congress, and can neither be increased nor diminished without a change in the law, whatever may be the scarcity or overabundance of the circulating medium; while the legislation respecting bank-notes imposes such onerous conditions on their issue that in practice their amount hardly increases. The result is that, if an augmentation of the currency is required, it can be made only by an addition to the gold. We have evidence of this in what has been going on since the resumption of specie payments at the beginning of last year. In the interval the bank-note circulation has been increased only by 2,688,000*l.*, while 28 millions sterling have been added to the gold currency. The question is whether this increase of over 30½ millions sterling has or has not given the country all the money which it requires. Periods of great and expanding prosperity, such as the United States are now enjoying, always require large additions to the currency. A vast multiplication of commercial transactions is the characteristic of such periods. More railways, ships, factories, shops, and houses are built than usual; more iron and coal and other minerals are produced; more goods are manufactured. In consequence more workpeople are employed and at better wages. The great body of the people have thus more means of outlay, and consumption is increased. The consequence of this general increase of expenditure is that the old medium of circulation is found to be insufficient. It is augmented, if there are the means of augmenting it; if not, it rises in value—that is, acquires additional purchasing power. During the period of inflation upon which the United States have now entered, the currency, as we have just seen, has been increased by over 30½ millions sterling. The point which we wish to ascertain is whether a further large addition is to be expected. To ascertain this with any confidence we require the teaching of past experience; but such teaching, strictly speaking, does not exist. The United States have been a gold-using country, in the full sense of the words, only for twenty months. For seventeen years previously they had been under the *régime* of inconvertible paper; and before the Civil War their economic condition was so unlike what it is to-day that it would be sheer waste of time to go back to that epoch. Still we are not entirely without a guide. A writer in the *Statist* pointed out three weeks ago that, when the last period of inflation set in on the accession of General Grant to power, the inconvertible paper currency rose in purchasing power in the first two years of expanding trade just 25 per cent. But the addition actually made in the last twenty months is about 22 per cent. In other words, if we may assume that the addition to the currency will be in the same proportion now as the increase of purchasing power was after 1869, that addition between now and the end of the year will not exceed 4½ millions sterling.

But are we justified in making the assumption just stated? It is impossible to answer this question with any confidence. It may be observed, however, that the last ten years have made an immense addition to the population of the United States, have vastly extended the cultivated area, have enormously expanded their trade, and, in particular, have given them an unprecedented control of the food markets of Europe. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a country so much more populous, active, and rich than it was before, requires a proportionately larger currency. But, on the other hand, there has during the ten years been a great development of banking, which of course tends to dispense with the use of cash in a variety of transactions. Yet there is another consideration which must not be lost sight of. It is that the West and South are essentially agricultural, and that in all agricultural communities there is a great expansion of the circulating medium in the autumn. The crops have then to be cut and got in; the corn has to be threshed and sent to market; the cattle fed upon grass during the summer have likewise to be disposed of; and provision has to be made for winter operations. In the case of the United States the fertile lands which produce the wheat, maize, pork, tobacco, sugar, rice, and cotton consumed in Europe lie thousands of miles, for the most part, from the port of shipment. And these commodities have to be sent long distances, perhaps, to the nearest railway station, and have then to be conveyed hundreds, or it may be thousands, of miles to New York, New Orleans, Galveston, or wherever the port may be. All these operations involve a vast outlay in wages, the hire and feed of horses, railway and steamboat freight. And, in consequence, every September a drain of cash from New York to the interior sets in, and continues till very close upon the end of the year. Twelve months ago this drain was so exhausting that New York was obliged to draw from Europe 15 millions sterling in gold. The experience of 1869-70, as the writer in the *Statist* observes, would suggest that this enormous import, reinforced by the subsequent production of Cali-

fornia, will nearly suffice for the needs of this year. But, on the other hand, it is to be remarked that, notwithstanding the Californian production, not a penny of the 15 millions in question has been returned to Europe, from which it would seem that even in the summer, which is always a slack season in agricultural countries, the currency of the United States was not excessive with the present activity of business and high range of prices, and consequently that it will be insufficient for the exceptional demands of the autumn.

Assuming that the United States will require before the end of the year 4½ millions sterling in gold, and possibly much more, the next question is whether they have the means of obtaining it from London. It is said that our harvest this year is good, and so is the harvest generally over Europe; that consequently we shall not require anything like the quantity of grain which we had to buy twelve months ago, and therefore shall not owe so much to the United States; that, on the other hand, the American people will require our goods—iron, machinery, cotton, and so on—which will further reduce the debt; that, if a balance remains, we can liquidate it by sending out securities; and that the Americans will much prefer goods or stock to gold which can be of no use to them. There is force in these arguments; but they are all based on the assumption that the Americans do not require additional currency; which may be quite true, but is not suggested by the foregoing inquiry, and certainly is not to be assumed. If they do require additional currency, they will as easily find means to get it as to get iron or any other commodity. As for the contention that, our harvest being good, we shall not need so much American corn as we required last year, it is to be borne in mind that a low price stimulates consumption, that we have to replenish stocks seriously exhausted, and that if we do not take wheat we shall take something else—beef, pork, butter, and so on. The Americans have an immense supply of articles of food which we require; and, if they choose to stimulate the sale, they can always do so by reducing prices low enough. If they would lose by so doing, they would lose still more by allowing the articles to perish at home. We may dismiss therefore as nonsensical the talk about the inability of the Americans to obtain whatever supply of gold they may really require. Another argument is that France and Germany will have to provide most of the gold which America may take, as they are at present doing. But the stock of the metal held by the Banks of France and Germany is now so small that it is contended, on the other hand, that they cannot afford to part with much more; and, in fact, to prevent the loss, the Bank of Germany has already put up its rate of discount as high as 5½ per cent., while the Bank of France maintains a premium on gold of over ½ per cent. The rates in the outer market in Berlin are following those of the Bank, and large sales of stock are being made in London to obtain command over the money market here; and in France the excessive amount of light coin is interposing an obstacle in the way of shipments. But we have not space to discuss this part of the question. We would only observe that a good deal may be drawn from the French circulation, or that by the sale of securities France and Germany may transfer to ourselves part of the burden of finding gold to satisfy the American demand.

THE ST. LEGER.

WITH the week in which the St. Leger is run begins what may be called the second part of the year's racing. Although in these days there is racing of some sort almost all the year round, the best of it is practically divided into two parts. The first begins about the middle of April at Newmarket, and then follow the Epsom Spring, the other Newmarket meetings, Epsom summer races, Ascot, and Goodwood. This brings us to the end of July; and, although there is a great deal of racing during August, no races of great importance take place again until near the middle of September. After six weeks of comparative quiet, we begin the second part of the racing season with Doncaster, and then come the Newmarket autumn meetings, after which the season soon closes. Racing fixtures are arranged to fit in conveniently with the other occupations of sportsmen. The following is pretty much the programme of what sporting men consider a well-spent year. When the hunting season ends, in the spring, racing begins, and continues at its height until the end of July. Then it is time to think about going to Scotland, and the best of the grouse-shooting and some deer-stalking carry on matters until near the middle of September, when Doncaster begins. Then come partridge-shooting and the Newmarket autumn meetings, a week's shooting and a week's racing alternating for about six weeks. With the beginning of November the hunting season begins, and this, varied with pheasant-shooting during the frosts of December and January, carries matters on till it is time to begin the same profitable round again in the next spring. To men who spend their lives in this manner the St. Leger is a particularly attractive race, as they return fresh to racing after their month's shooting, and they find it pleasant to compare notes with friends about sport in the Highlands. Then Doncaster is an agreeable meeting in other respects, and the racing is generally of an interesting description. There are many hospitable country houses within a drive of Doncaster, and the days spent at them for the races are usually very pleasant. In the town there are many little parties in hotels and lodgings, and those who wish to buy yearlings or to bet at the subscription

rooms generally prefer remaining at Doncaster to staying at any of the surrounding country houses.

The St. Leger of the present year was expected to be little better than a match. Nevertheless it was an exceptionally interesting race. The two leading favourites were the first and second in the Derby, and as there had only been a short head between them in that race, it seemed difficult to foretell which would win the St. Leger. The excitement preceding the race had been greatly increased by the dispute about the identity of Bend Or. Altogether, the St. Leger of 1880 was very far from being a tame affair. The great question seemed to be whether Bend Or ought, or ought not, to have won the Derby. It was the opinion of many people that, if Robert the Devil had been properly ridden, Bend Or could not possibly have won. It was urged that the jockey who was riding Robert had eased him when the race appeared at his mercy, and that when Bend Or came rushing up with such a spurt there was no time to set him going again at his best pace. Whatever the case might have been, it must have been clear to every one who saw the Derby that the manner in which Bend Or shot up at the end of the race was little short of a miracle. But the partisans of Bend Or had quite another story to tell. They said that the horse had had sore shins; that he had got off very badly; that he was shut in and shut out in the course of the race; that he had twisted a plate; that he had been obliged "to run round his horses" at a critical point of the race; while some even went so far as to say that a mistake had been made about a ball which had been given to him, and that he was not at all himself when he ran for the Derby, though probably but few people gave serious attention to the latter story. His enemies, however, had another word to say. How was it, they inquired, that if Bend Or was such a paragon of perfection as was stated, he could only just manage to beat Fernandez by a head, after a hard struggle, in the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot? It was all very well to say that he had been eased in his work after the Derby; but with ordinary training he ought not, they maintained, to have deteriorated so much in a fortnight. But the champions of Bend Or also had a question to ask. How was it that at the Newmarket July Meeting, Cipolata had beaten Robert the Devil by half a length in the Midsummer Stakes? It was true that Cipolata had had an advantage of 7 lbs. in the weights, beyond her allowance for sex; but, if Robert the Devil was the flyer his friends pretended him to be, he ought to have been able to beat her easily at such terms. Further, they had a right to inquire how so good a horse could have been beaten by Apollo at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. As regards the work done by the two rivals during the summer, it was reported that Bend Or had undergone a very fair amount of training, but that Robert the Devil had successfully gone through one of the hardest preparations ever borne by a racehorse, and that he was as fit and as well trained as it was possible for a horse to be.

Besides the winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris, the winner of the Oaks was also to start for the St. Leger. It has not been an uncommon thing to see an Oaks winner the first favourite for the St. Leger, and it is proverbial that mares run far better in September than in May; but, although Jenny Howlet had won the Oaks this year by four lengths from a field of a dozen opponents, her chance was little esteemed for the St. Leger. A far better favourite was Zealot, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. This race may be said to be next in importance to the five great three-year-old prizes of Newmarket, Epsom, and Doncaster. On the late occasion, a dozen horses had started for it, including Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand. Zealot had won very cleverly by a length, The Abbot being second. The Abbot was also to start for the St. Leger. This seemed to be one of the most unlucky horses in training. Whenever he had come out this year he had run well, but he had always been second or third instead of the winner. He had been third in the Two Thousand, second in the Payne Stakes, second in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, third in the Hardwicke Stakes, and second to the great Isonomy himself in the Manchester Cup. On this running there could be no doubt whatever that The Abbot was a horse of high merit; but, in addition to his extraordinary bad luck, his appearance was strongly objected to by judges of horseflesh. He has excellent shoulders, but they are supported upon upright prop-like fore legs, with round fetlocks. His back is simply abominable, his sides are flat, and his flabby quarters look as if they did not belong to him. But, although he is the kind of horse for which we should think no one would care to give fifty pounds as a hack, and in spite of the fact that, according to all accepted rules of equine conformation, he ought not to be able to race, his public running entitled him to a prominent position among the second-class favourites. Cipolata, a filly which, as we have already said, had beaten Robert the Devil, had also beaten the winner of the Two Thousand. She is lightly made, but she is well shaped. It was clear from her previous running that, if the two leading favourites happened to be at all out of form, they would be in danger of defeat from this mare; but if they were themselves, it seemed as if she could have scarcely any chance of beating them. She had not been placed in the One Thousand; but nevertheless, taking her running as a whole, she was generally considered to be the best filly that started for the St. Leger, and she was a far better favourite than Jenny Howlet. It had been expected that Mask would be the third favourite at the start for the St. Leger. He had beaten Zealot by more than a length at even weights at Goodwood, and he had given The

Abbot 3 lbs. and a beating in the Payne Stakes at Newmarket. In the Derby he had been third, and it seemed unlikely that he would ever be able to out-gallop Bend Or and Robert the Devil; but still he appeared to have every claim on public running to the post of third favourite. Unfortunately he has a weak hock, and as the time of the St. Leger approached, it was found impossible to bring him out for that race. Much as this was to be regretted, it is some satisfaction to reflect that the St. Leger favourites of this year were singularly free from breakdowns and other disappointments.

We should scarcely be speaking too strongly if we were to say that last Wednesday was the wettest St. Leger day ever known. Wind, rain, and mud made everything wretched. Whatever might be the merits of the favourites, it was certain that they were to compete under circumstances exactly the opposite of those of the Derby day. At Epsom the course had been as hard as a board, and now the two rivals were to try their powers through deep mud. This fact caused betting men to consider carefully whether Bend Or or Robert the Devil was better suited to run well over heavy ground. Many thousands of pounds depended upon this question. If, under ordinary circumstances, after galloping a mile and a half there was only the length of a man's hand between the two horses' noses, it seemed probable that the only thing except illness or accident which could separate them to any extent would be the state of the ground. The general opinion was strongly in favour of Bend Or, and this seemed reasonable enough; for, although Robert the Devil had laid on a good deal of muscle since he had run in the Derby, he was still a light, flat-sided horse, while Bend Or appeared to have power and substance enough to gallop through deep mud. Bend Or consequently became a tremendous favourite, and at the start odds were laid on him. There had not been such a strong favourite for the St. Leger for four years, when 2 to 1 was laid on Kisber. Ten minutes to four seemed rather a late hour to fix for the race. Fortunately the horses came out very punctually, and no time was lost at the post. The twelve starters got into line, and away they went at once, without a single false start. The two favourites were in front, and it looked for a moment as if they were going to settle down to race out their match from the start. They were both steadied, however, in about a hundred yards, and Novice and Incendiary made the running. As regards the pace at which the race was run, we may observe that, if the statistics commonly published of the time occupied by the different St. Legers are correct, the late St. Leger was the slowest that has been run for forty years. Novice and Incendiary kept up the running for about a mile and a quarter, when they had had enough of it, and fell back. Bend Or then came boldly to the front, and there were loud cries of "The favourite wins." It seemed all right this time, for he was not shut in among a crowd of horses, as he was said to have been in the Derby, and the coast was clear between him and the winning-post. He came on gallantly in front for some distance, followed by Cipolata and Robert the Devil. As he was turning into the straight at the bend he did not seem to be going quite so kindly, and it was evident that, at any rate, he was not going to win without having to race for it. In a few more strides he was running like a beaten horse, and one of the strongest favourites that ever ran for the St. Leger was clearly defeated. Robert the Devil then came striding along, and as he ran up the straight had the race all to himself, winning at last by three lengths. Cipolata was third, and The Abbot was only a neck behind her, this being the sixth time that this ill-fated beast has run second or third this year, without once winning or once being unplaced. Zealot was fourth. Bend Or was sixth, but he may have been eased when his jockey found that he could not win. Jenny Howlet, the winner of the Oaks, ran badly.

It might have been satisfactory if Bend Or had confirmed his Derby victory by winning the St. Leger; but, after all, he has had a very glorious career, and his friends can always say in his defence that the course at Doncaster was in a very exceptional state. On the other hand, after his gallant struggle in the Derby, one cannot fairly grudge the St. Leger to Robert the Devil. The two champions have now divided the highest honours of the Turf between them, and let it be ever remembered to their credit that they settled their differences without a lawsuit.

REVIEWS.

KANDAHAR IN 1879.*

IT is difficult to say what corrections and additions have been made to this Diary since its first publication in the *Royal Engineers' Journal*; but the narrative has not lost the rare merit of simplicity and freshness. This gallant Major of Engineers takes the public completely into his confidence, and supplies us with every kind of personal and domestic detail about his kit, clothing, and correspondence. We almost know the number of pipes which he smoked when tobacco was his only solace under

* *Kandahar in 1879.* Being the Diary of Major Le Messurier, R.E., Brigade Major with the Quetta Column. Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from the "*Royal Engineers' Journal*." London: Allen & Co. 1880.

short commons and rough accommodation. We are told, as racing touts might say, the names, colours, and peculiarities of his stud; how his tent was robbed and his gold watch was stolen, and how he recovered it by the exercise of some moral pressure; by how many snipe and partridges, black and grey, he managed to supplement the rations of the Commissariat or his purchases at a travelling store; when one of his children was born, and how very glad he was to get back to his nursery after roughing it on something worse than beefsteaks and porter for about eleven months. Some time in November 1878 he found himself appointed Brigade Major to the Mooltan Field Force, under General Sir D. Stewart, who was making for Kandshar. He accompanied that division and reached the city in January 1879, remaining there until the October following, when he was marked off for employment in India. Though he saw little or no fighting, he had a good deal of experience of the country and its inhabitants; he surveyed, shot, rode about, visited native chiefs, got up sky races, cleared spaces for the troops, pulled down old walls, and made quarters comfortable and healthy for the soldiers; and in all these varied occupations he has shown us no trace of the dictatorial and omniscient "Correspondent." Though he gives a *précis* of political events and a catalogue of Dost Mahomed's descendants, there is no attempt to forecast the political barometer or to fix precisely the frontier at which Russia can best be held in check. But if any young soldier wishes to know what the occupation of a hostile territory is like and what form of hardships he may have to encounter, we can refer him confidently to this Diary; nor is it wanting in lively descriptions of the climate, habits, and temper of the people, and in materials for the administrator and the diplomatist.

Major Le Messurier is evidently an old campaigner, or, at any rate, he possesses the happy faculty of making the best of things and of getting on in spite of lame horses and departmental blunders and delays, where work has to be done or space to be traversed. As a member of a scientific corps he has an eye for gradients, curves, and the difficulties of road-making over plateaus swept by dust storms and in defiles liable to sudden inundations. And his invariable buoyancy of spirits lends an additional value to his observations. As might be expected by those who have studied the country, he endured most trying alternations of heat and cold. In the Bolan Pass, near a stream appropriately called the Dodzan, or "thieves' nullah," he shivered under a biting wind and water froze in his tent. His skin was chapped, and the natives of India failed to comprehend what it was that gashed and slit their hands. The last stage into Kandahar is described as a howling desert without a trace of vegetation. The climate was then bitterly cold, but invigorating; everything seemed to sparkle with electricity, and every one's appetite was always ready for any meal. In Kandahar itself the thermometer varied in January from 57° to 27° in two or three days. There was snow on the hills, and the wind shifted capriciously, or occasionally dropped and brought on unseasonable heat. But all this was nothing to the summer. Flies came in swarms; columns of dust swept through the camp, especially in the Khojak Pass; and, in spite of sanitary precautions, fever and cholera broke out. Yet the men, Europeans and natives, and horses and ponies, somehow managed to stand the temperature. Not so the camels. These useful animals devoured prickly bushes, and occasionally died from eating poisonous shrubs. If an experienced Shikari called Biluch is to be trusted, the Government officials put too heavy loads on the camels' backs. They should have been given lighter burdens and warmer clothing, and had grazing would not then "have broken their hearts." But, as this sententious old hunter said, the Sirkar (Government) "does everything at the wrong time." Major Le Messurier gives us some trustworthy statistics of the numbers of troops, camp followers, horses, mules and bullocks, and stores that were forwarded by special trains on the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway, during these troublous times. It needs neither extraordinary aptitude for finance nor elaborate budgets, but ordinary judgment, to be quite certain that a war depending on the transport of such vast material could never be concluded for a paltry three millions sterling. Such figures as the following might have opened the eyes of the humblest clerk or the most complacent civilian:—

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Troops and followers | 190,000 |
| Horses and mules | 24,000 |
| Bullocks | 8,000 |
| Camels | 1,000 |
| Stores | 1,400,000 maunds. |

This was on the line of railway in the space of eight months. Later on, in 1879, after the murder of the escort, similar energy was displayed for ten days, though the figures do not of course rise so high. And this was independent of additions sent from Bombay direct. We observe that the author, while describing these arrangements, prefers the system of regimental carriage to what is termed the consolidated system in force with English and Continental armies. He argues that in the late campaigns whole regiments were constantly ahead of their Commissariat, and would have fared better had the commanding officers of each corps been allowed to provide for their own wants.

Leaving this knotty question to be decided by experts, we turn to some of the episodes in the Diary which diversified the hardship and monotony of camp life. The city, and especially the Shah bazaar, had been immensely improved by the efforts of our officers; rubbish carted away, spaces cleared, drains purified and trade encouraged. Blacksmiths manufactured spades,

knives, horse-shoes, and cooking pots, with iron imported from Bombay. Coppersmiths were no less busy, and displayed, besides articles of indigenous manufacture, the Russian samovar. Leather curriers and tailors drove a brisk trade, and the *postin* or large Afghan coat that comes down to the heels was procurable for about 10*l*. This seems a large sum to give, and it may be, was fixed to suit the Englishman, but an Afghan would probably pay less and wear the article down to rags. Shoes ranged from 1*s*. 8*d*. to 9*s*. 6*d*. a pair, and the close-fitting quilted caps worn by the lower orders cost about twopence-halfpenny. For a prayer-carpet the price asked from the author was ten rupees, though a true believer might have had it for seven. The description of the manufacture of floor-cloths out of felt, in coloured patterns, is extremely curious, but too minute for us to quote or analyse. Brickmaking, on the other hand, is extremely simple. Two men can turn out, from a trench supplied with running water, nearly 1,500 bricks a day. They are dried in the sun, and not burnt. But the account of baking bread and making *kabābs* is truly inviting, and the process is distinguished, we are told, by a neatness and cleanliness for which we should look in vain in the bazaars of Calcutta or Cairo. Five men divide the labour of kneading the dough, dabbings it in pats on a board, rolling out and ornamenting and finally affixing them to the inside of the sloping roof of the oven. The *kabābs* are made as follows: to minced meat is added the fat of the *dumba* or heavy-tailed sheep, and the two are neatly skewered, with the addition of spice, salt, and onions. We are gratified to learn that the author and a friend had an enjoyable meal on these delicacies, which cost them little more than twopence. Similar praise cannot be given to the mode of shoeing horses, which sounds unscientific, haphazard, and barbarous. These walks through the bazaars, with, it must be admitted, the chance of a stab from some zealous Mohammedan, were varied by a day out with a hospitable native gentleman. Once the author joined a garden-party at a place prettily laid out—extent, forty acres; vines in trenches; avenues of rose-trees; an orchard; and plots devoted to lucerne and barley. There was a square house on this property, of two stories, with galleries and *tahkhanas* or rooms underground, in which the owners live during the hottest days of the year. Another day was spent, at the invitation of a Kazi, at the shrine of a real saint. The tomb was of various coloured stones, with a headstone of black marble, inscribed with Arabic characters. Round the enclosure were hung horseshoes and the horns of the ibex and the *markhor*, not killed in the chase but picked up on the hillsides. An excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* was served in a large tent, at which stews, pilafs, *kabābs*, sweetmeats, and pickles succeeded each other. The attendants and the crowd had no hesitation, we gather, in disposing of the remnants of the feast. The Kazi, besides being learned in his own classical languages, was proficient in modern history and geography; had relations who wrote about Napoleon and knew the four great continents of the world, but did not think much of Australasia. We daresay they had also their own ideas about Russian advancement, if they could have been induced to open their minds. The necessity of taking an armed escort on shooting parties reminds us that sport in Afghanistan is not as simple a matter as our officers have found it in Besika Bay or on the plains of Troy. It reads more like a risky adventure in Greece or Sicily. Sappers watched the ponies and the shooters, while the sportsmen themselves waded into tanks and across irrigation canals—places, the author insinuates, hateful to dirty Afghans, who never apply water to their persons. The bags, however, were not large. Snipe were wild and ducks wary, and partridges not abundant. The Afghans net quails in large numbers, and, as we have read in Lieutenant Wood's *Journey to the Sources of the Oxus*, regularly ride down pheasants and partridges at particular seasons of the year. It is characteristic of the English officer on a campaign that, while Viceroy and Councils are still debating about advance, retirement, or retention of what we have got, he has already put together his breechloader, levelled a space for cricket, laid out a course for a steeplechase, including probably a water-jump, and amazed the natives by a spirited game of polo. Fruit, by itself, will not make up a Budget nor pay a dividend on a railway; but in Afghanistan it was to be had in abundance. An excellent imitation of gooseberry fool was made out of green plums; of grapes there were at least fourteen or fifteen varieties; and peaches and apricots were so plentiful that we are only thankful there was not more cholera.

Major Le Messurier has some excellent suggestions about kit, dress, and the bivouac generally. He had to be prepared for extremes. Boots with canvas tops, brown suits, and helmets with spikes and chin-straps of leather, sound very well for rough work. Two suits of clothes, with four sets of underclothing, ought to suffice for any man, says our author, until they are worn out. Flannel should be invariably worn next the skin, as most Anglo-Indians will admit; and when the campaigner reaches his small tent in some defile which might compare with Wuthering Heights for wind and bluster, he takes down his saddle-bags from the camel, puts on a *banian* (*Anglicè*, a jersey), and tops this by an ulster and a pair of felt leggings, and then is quite ready for dinner. His bed is a "sack of felt, with a waterproof sheet underneath, blankets, and ulster above." But even with all this he could not have kept warm, had it not been for the thoughtfulness of his wife, who had stored away in his baggage an india-rubber hot-water bottle. To use his own unadorned and expressive language, this article excelled all comforts that any poor shivering devil ever had, warmed

his feet at night, made him *khush* (happy) in his mind, and gave him hot water when he turned out to renew his march next morning. The details of the equipment and allowances for officers, privates, and camp followers will be found of practical use for all similar expeditions; and the heights and distances of the Thull Chotiali route, procured from General Biddulph's corps, are all so many contributions to an accurate and "scientific" knowledge of our frontier. Taking this record for what it really pretends to be, we have very little to criticize or deprecate—save perhaps the practice of sporting on Sundays, which, we can assure the author, if winked at by Englishmen, will not gain him respect in the eyes of the natives, who know that the English official is wont to set aside certain times and seasons for rest and *Pooja*, and to read the service at Stations when there is no chaplain. But, in every other respect, this Diary is a credit to the soldier, the sportsman, and the engineer.

FORMBY'S ANCIENT ROME.*

MR. FORMBY has given to the world an exceedingly sumptuous volume; but for all except those who are willing to embark in the same boat with him, or have made the venture already, he has rendered it impossible to do more than express their admiration of its typographical and artistic beauty. It abounds with illustrations of objects of almost every kind which may throw light on the history of the city from its first beginnings, and more especially of those which belong to the province of Christian antiquities. But from no portion of the text will readers moderately acquainted with the subject gain much addition to their knowledge. They will find something in Mr. Formby's text about the walls and fortifications of the city, something about the tombs on the Appian Way, and something more about the catacombs and some recent discoveries in them, the discovery of the chair of St. Peter in the Ostorian cemetery being apparently the most important of all. But they will soon see that Mr. Formby's zeal refuses to be bounded by the limits of the historian's office, and that the results of historical research have for him no value unless they support a particular conclusion. Of course we do not suppose that he has at any time distinctly made up his mind to reject facts if they fail to square with theory; but his conviction of the truth of his own belief is so absolute that he is spared the pain of discerning in history anything which may disturb the serenity of his assurance, far less anything which may suggest doubt. We have a sketch of the fortunes of the Roman city and State from the days of Romulus downwards; we have some account of the Punic wars, of the internal struggles which led to the downfall of the Republic, of the Greek schools of philosophy and their influence on Christian thought, and a much more detailed account of Roman imperialism and of the imperialism of the Popes who took the place of the Emperors. But from beginning to end every fact is made to point to one conclusion, and this conclusion is to be received as coming with the full weight of Divine authority. To whatever part of the book we may turn, there is no escape from the iteration of the one great lesson which universal history teaches to Mr. Formby; and so thoroughly is he absorbed by its paramount importance that he neither feels wearied himself by repetitions which to others must be intolerably oppressive, nor thinks that any one can be found to shrink from the toil of wading through pages the writing of which has afforded him unmingled pleasure.

Unfortunately this conclusion involves a mass of propositions which Englishmen generally have definitively rejected. The English nation does not look on itself as bound by allegiance to the Holy See; it does not look on the Roman pontiff as by Divine appointment the absolute lord and master of the whole Christian world, whose imperial power is the only safeguard against an anarchy which, without this check, would sweep everything away. But, although we have come to tolerably definite conclusions on these points, it may safely be said that there are few Englishmen who would care to complain of Mr. Formby for upholding the most rigid Ultramontanism, so long as he does not impugn the independence and sovereignty of the English State. He is quite free to assert that the Roman Church is the mother and mistress of all Churches, so long as he does not assert that her decisions may override the authority of English law within the limits of the realm. But Englishmen are not merely Englishmen; many of them are historical students and scholars also. For many generations English writers have, with greater or less care and ability, dealt with the history of Rome, and the subject has attracted during the present century the special attention, not only of German sceptics like Niebuhr and Mommsen, Curtius and Schwegler, of whom Mr. Formby has a righteous horror, but of English scholars whose honesty and learning cannot be called in question. The history of Rome, however, cannot be separated from other history. There is but one method which must be applied to the records of all times and countries; and this method has yielded certain results as to which historical scholars in this country and on the Continent are generally agreed. In England and Scotland, and not in these countries only, there is a general impression that the claims of the Roman See to unconditional authority were deliberately and definitively rejected a few centuries ago, that the English nation broke

with the Pope as completely as one people or power can break with another, and that this alienation, or revolt, or rebellion (the name is a matter of indifference), was not confined to the bounds of Great Britain. Englishmen therefore can scarcely hear without some feeling of surprise, or indeed without a slight incredulity, that no such events have ever occurred, and that in the eyes of the staunchest upholders of the Papal claims such incidents are regarded as mere possibilities of the distant future. As a citizen both of Arpinum and of Rome, Cicero spoke of his attachment to his native place as an affection which must be subordinated to the attachment which he felt for Rome.

If then [adds Mr. Formby] it should ever come to pass in the disorder of human things that a Christian nation should be betrayed into breaking its ties of allegiance to Christian Rome, which has been divinely constituted the one supreme centre of Christian unity for the nations of the earth, and if this fatal act should prove the inevitable rupture of the previously subsisting concord between the lesser patriotism which is by nature, and the higher allegiance to the centre of unity which is Christian and divine, the words of Cicero are plainly seen to stand good for the higher claim.

The argument of Mr. Formby's lumbering sentences may be left on one side. It may be right that Englishmen should be Ultramontanes first and Englishmen afterwards; but it is puzzling to be told that certain things which have happened long ago may perhaps happen for the first time hereafter, and that claims which have been disputed or rejected by the largest part of Christendom have been formally denied nowhere. For those, however, who may have the patience to read a few of Mr. Formby's chapters consecutively, the feeling of puzzlement and surprise will soon pass away. They will see that history reveals to him quite another set of facts from those which it displays to Englishmen who fancy that they are not under the Roman obedience. To their unlightened eyes the story of the Roman asylum in the legend of Romulus stands out in marked contradiction to the rest of the tale, and appears as a singularly unimportant incident in the traditions of a people whose fortunes were in no way affected by it. Not a few perhaps may doubt whether it was a Roman tradition at all. It is certain that during the time of the Republic the Romans were practically unacquainted with the Greek custom of taking sanctuary. Hence those who made up the story had to borrow the Greek word; and we know pretty well who the makers of such stories were. But with Mr. Formby inconsistencies, improbabilities, and contradictions go for nothing; and for him the incident becomes the pivot of the history, not of Rome only, but of the whole world. The opening of this refuge for vagrants and criminals is, in his eyes, an event in which the finger of God is pre-eminently seen; and the character of the Roman State and people throughout their history is read by him in accordance with his interpretation of it with marvellous and unwearied persistency. In the story as given by Livy the incident of the asylum stands wholly by itself. It is never mentioned again, nor can it be reconciled with any part of his subsequent narrative, any more than it can be brought into harmony with the tale of the colonization from Alba. It is utterly inconsistent with all that is known of every other old Italian community; and all that can be said is that one passing phrase of Livy lends some slight countenance to Mr. Formby's notion that

Romulus established his city as an asylum for the benefit of all who in various ways have made shipwreck of their fortunes and need a second chance to rehabilitate themselves in a new social order, in which no inquiries will be made into their questionable antecedents or doubtful previous character.

But, having mentioned this, Livy, writing after a supposed interval of seven centuries from this period of his history, goes on to tell us of a society as narrow, as close, and as exclusive as that of the haughtiest of Eupatrids in any Greek community. The Roman State, as described by him, consisted, in the very lifetime of its founder, of patricians who almost felt the touch of a plebeian to be a profanation; and these patricians belonged to tribes, houses, and families, in the religious rites of which none but hereditary members could possibly be allowed to share. With plebeians there could be no intermarriage, and for them there could be no admission into public offices, because all these were connected with religion, and to allow plebeians to fill them would be sacrilege. It is to the last degree unlikely that when the first Roman dwellings rose on the earlier Seven Hills, the country was swarming with vagrants; it is simply impossible that a society such as that which Livy describes could have immediately grown out of such materials, and could have presented that compact front and unbending attitude which belongs only to a social supremacy uncontested during a long series of generations. But for Mr. Formby's purpose it was indispensably necessary to assert that Rome from the beginning and continuously bestowed her citizenship on all who chose to present themselves for it. For those who have not his lights, the whole history of the Republic, whether trustworthy or not, is the history of a long and at times almost a desperate struggle on the part of the plebeians to fight their way to a share in the government which the patricians regarded as their own sacred and incommunicable privilege, these struggles being followed by bloody wars with the Italian States who wished that those privileges should be extended to themselves. Mr. Formby is beyond doubt right in saying that it was "distinctly contrary to the genius of all the other cities of the ancient world" for a city to open its gates freely "to strangers and newcomers." The whole traditional history which follows the passing mention of the Romulean asylum shows that it was in no degree more the distinctive characteristic of Rome. But the pre-Christian Rome must foreshadow the Rome of the Popes, and she is thus

* *Ancient Rome and its Connection with the Christian Religion.* By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

made to gather "her citizens from every quarter of the earth, whom she afterwards transformed into the Romans who conquered the world," although, apart from this solitary legend of a late age, there is not a tittle of evidence to show that she ever did so, or attempted to do so. This, however, in no way disturbs Mr. Formby. "Rome," he insists, "from the beginning, follows the diametrically opposite practice to all other cities, it being her rule to have no exclusive connexion whatever with any one nation or tribe of men; but always to keep her gates open for the reception of individual comers, and even of whole populations, without instituting the least inquiry into their nationality." Assuredly this conclusion is only less wonderful than the discovery that the English nation has never thrown off its allegiance to the Holy See. The objection lies not to Mr. Formby's ideas of the constitution of the Christian Church, but to the misreading and misrepresentation of facts. So far as he can support his own belief by analogies which can be adduced without doing violence to such evidence as we may possess, we have no right to impose any restrictions on his fancy. We have some information as to the relation of the clients at Rome to their patrons; but whether all, or only some, plebeians were clients, we cannot decide with any confidence. The institution may have worked well; in any case it may have helped to make the burden of subjection less intolerable. But it pleases Mr. Formby to think that "here as in so many other ways ancient Rome is seen to be the mirror of the Christian religion, in which the Christian people rejoice to be taught to regard their former fellow-citizens of earth, now saints of Heaven, as their patrons, and themselves as their clients"; and he has every right to any comfort which he may derive from the comparison.

If, again (the question of the trustworthiness of the narrative being put aside), the story of the times following the expulsion of the Tarquinian house from Rome teaches anything, it teaches us that a long and wretched struggle was needed before the Roman constitution assumed the form which it exhibited during the time of the wars with Carthage. To the patrician the admission of plebeians to a share in the work of government was the greatest of all conceivable organic changes. The attempts to bring about this change were resisted with an obstinacy and fierceness which showed that the patrician houses regarded the conflict as one for life or death; and the concessions wrung from them were, whenever it was possible, evaded, or left inoperative, or practically withdrawn. Nowhere, perhaps, was the struggle more virulent or protracted; nowhere was it accompanied with more deliberate injustice and more disingenuous subterfuge on the part of the nobles. With a wave of Mr. Formby's wand all these terrible controversies disappear. No sooner is the "life-monarchy" got rid of "than the city ceases to exhibit the least symptom of a desire for any further change." He cannot sufficiently praise the moderation and sound sense of the whole Roman people. "No sooner are the Tarquin family fairly ejected, than the city, become a republic, is seen to settle down at once to enjoy the substantial advantages of the firm and durable constitution established by Servius Tullus, sustained by the never-failing sagacity of the unbroken stream of capable statesmen." We can scarcely suppose that even a public school lad would win much credit by an essay which should maintain that, after the passing of the Petition of Right, all controversy between Charles I. and his subjects was at an end, that the rest of his reign exhibits a singular picture of harmony and concord between all orders of the realm, and that the King, dying in extreme old age, was quietly succeeded by his son, a sovereign as deservedly popular as himself. Mr. Formby's history is not a jot more credible. By what process he reaches his conclusions we cannot pretend to say; but he leaves us no option as to the mode in which they must be dealt with. The hallucinations which meet us in the first chapter run through it to the last; and we have only to say that, although the preparation of this splendid volume has doubtless been a labour of love, the book is historically worthless.

LISA LENA.*

"**B**ASE is the slave that chronologizes," ought to be the motto of Mr. Jenkins's new novel. It is common for reviewers in their nasty cold-blooded fashion to find difficulties in adjusting the details of work which the novelist has thrown off in the flush of his genius. But we do not remember to have come across many books which outraged chronology quite to the extent of *Lisa Lena*. The heroine is the child of parents—very odd parents, too—who live somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mobile. Her father joins the Confederate armies and is killed. She herself, deserted by her mother, is apprenticed to a farmer when she is quite a small child. She then grows up to womanhood, or at least to full girlhood, and is fired with an ambition to join a circus. Among the members of the circus she joins is found no less a person than the redoubtable Mr. Heenan, the very same hero who afterwards had the famous fight with Tom Sayers. Now we had always imagined that that memorable combat took place some months before the outbreak of the American Civil War, so that apparently Miss Lisa Lena must have been living backward in some incomprehensible manner during the early years of her life.

Let it not, however, be for a moment supposed that this dull

scholastic criticism is the only kind of comment to which *Lisa Lena* exposes itself. It is much too remarkable a work for that. Generally speaking, Mr. Jenkins's novels have been of the strictest class of novels with a purpose. We are not quite able to make out what the purpose of this particular book is, unless it is to recommend the Dangerous Performances Bill which Mr. Jenkins, in days that are, alas! no more, and when yet Bills were matters within his competence, brought into the House of Commons. The *plaidoyer*, however, is by no means conclusive. Indeed, the second volume, which chiefly contains the life of Lisa Lena as a Living Cannon-ball, a Queen of the Caribbees, and so forth, is a curiously incoherent and purposeless piece of work. It introduces us to some very bad company, and to some very queer company. The heroine, after being a model of propriety for some time, seems—we are not quite told how or why—to have become a model of impropriety, though we leave her comfortably installed as a deaconess. It must be admitted that some of the events of her life were agitating. Having become, not in too gratifying or romantic a fashion, the wife of an English clown, Mr. Benjamin Toddles, she finds herself pestered by her husband's employer, a fiend of the name of Boganio, and by a rich young New York *roué*, Mr. Vanderteufel. A highly interesting scene takes place in a New York hotel, in which Vanderteufel and Boganio appear and reappear very much like the classic figures in the weather-house. Lisa Lena disposes of the youthful Dutchman by pointing a revolver at him, but most imprudently abandons that weapon, which is in reality much more wanted against the aged sinner with the Italian termination. Finally both the lovers come to very bad ends, Boganio being not only ejected from a restaurant by a valiant tiger-tamer so that he has concussion of the brain, but also exposing himself to a charge of perjury, while Vanderteufel is killed by Lisa's husband in a fit of mistaken jealousy. Then we have some London scenes, in which Mr. Jenkins introduces a Lord Somebody, who talks about "a cwooked sawt of customaw," "nevaw mind," and so on. Mr. Jenkins was for several years a member of Parliament, and must have had the opportunity of hearing noblemen and gentlemen speak in public and private. Did he ever hear from any human being off the stage this absurd dialect which two or three generations of novelists and dramatists have perpetuated? We confess that we never did.

If *Lisa Lena* had consisted only of its second volume, it might have been dismissed as a dull piece of absurdity merely. If it had consisted only of its first, it would have taken very tolerable rank, at least among Mr. Jenkins's works. The childish experiences of Lisa Lena, or Elizabeth Bellamy, as for some mysterious reason she is called, though her parents' name is Mercer, are certainly painful experiences. Her earliest remembrance, with which the book opens, must have been more exciting than satisfactory. This earliest remembrance was of waking up and observing "a woman in her delicate white night dress, laced and frilled, leaning out over the sill of an open window, her hands clasped, her long black hair, a wealth of glossy beauty, floating down her shoulders, her white face, its fine profile distorted with anguish, marked like a marble relief on the black background of the night," &c., &c. The lady who made this striking tableau is the mother of Lisa Lena, and the reason of her excitement is that her husband is in the road below shooting freely at a crowd of citizens, who return the compliment with unusual want of address. Every now and then Mr. Mercer goes for the citizens with a bowie while his faithful negroes load for him, and altogether his conduct is such that after a short time we are not surprised to hear that the citizens desist from the unequal combat. When the war breaks out the lady with the distorted profile shows herself in some respects a worthy mate for this hero. She, too, shoots with freedom and lightness; and negroes who may be suspected of lukewarmness drop around her like the leaves on the strand. Regarded as a wife, however, she seems to fall a little short of the qualities expected in these cold climates. During her husband's absence some Southern troops come to the house, and one of the officers falls desperately in love with her. At their parting he throws his arms around her, and she, though like a well-conducted person she "disengages" herself, "kisses him on the cheek once." Soon afterwards the absent Mercer is killed in battle, which is perhaps lucky for him, and still luckier for the amorous officer. Thereupon Lisa's mother deserts her children, and, as we afterwards learn, goes to join the affectionate survivor. It is in consequence of this thoughtless act that Lisa Lena herself is transferred to the tender care of a Yankee farmer and his amiable wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mason. The torments which these good folks inflict upon their little white slave are described with some minuteness. The most original of them leads to what is also the most original thing in the book, a horse-and-dog fight. If Mr. Jenkins could introduce this on the circus boards, and if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did not interfere, the spectacle could not fail of an immense success. The fight comes about on this wise. The Masons have a fiendish horse, whom they appropriately, but perhaps for such pious folks irreverently, call Jeshurun. This amiable brute takes a special antipathy to Lisa Lena; and, when she has misbehaved, her master and mistress shut her up in the stable with Jeshurun for some time. Thereupon Jeshurun kicks, stamps, squeals, and evinces every desire to get at the child and treat her as though she was an appetizing wisp of hay, of course to her great terror. Provisionally, however, there is another evil beast on the farm who is her friend. This is a great mastiff named Dragon, who

* *Lisa Lena*. By Edward Jenkins. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

constitutes himself Lisa's friend and protector, even to the point of flying at his master and mistress when they ill use her. The final Armageddon between Dragon and Jeshurun is an admirable imagination, though we think that an artist with Mr. Jenkins's powers of "word-painting" might have made almost more of it than he does make. Lisa has broken a coffee-pot, and has to be tormented somehow. So the Masons decide that she shall sleep in the stable. Dragon, her friend, is nowhere to be found, and the prospect is sufficiently awful. She is carried into the stable and left there. The horse begins "to lash out, to shake his halter, to bite with his teeth, to snarl and shriek"; but at the same moment Dragon, who has concealed himself in the stable, thrusts his head into Lisa's hand. For two hours the horse struggles at his fastenings, and at last gets loose, but Dragon pins his throat at once. The farmer comes to see what is the matter, opens the stable door, and the combatants rush out, knocking him down and trampling on him. Then they fight it out till both are done for, the horse by the dog's teeth, the dog by the horse's fore feet. The scene certainly deserves the attention of ambitious animal-painters.

We like Mr. Jenkins's horse-and-dog fight much better than the fight which the unlucky Lisa Lena, who is a very Helen in her power of stirring up dissension, causes in her next "place." Here two brothers quarrel about her with a similar result—that is to say, that she runs away. She is indeed always running away for one reason or another. In this earlier part of the book, as in the later, Mr. Jenkins indulges in didactic passages. The didactic passages of the later part are chiefly directed to the impropriety of composing those parts of ladies' dress which are not seen of chamois-leather, Mr. Jenkins having, to all appearance, penetrated very deeply into the mysteries of feminine apparel. The earlier volume, when it mounts the platform or the pulpit, chiefly busies itself with the impropriety of teaching children religion in a disagreeable way. There is an odd episode of an elder who endeavours to convert Lisa without much result, and indeed without the incident having anything particular to do with the rest of the story. A severe critic might indeed say that there is not much in any part of *Lisa Lena* which has much to do with any other part. A somewhat indulgent Frenchman once criticized *The Devil's Chain* as being *L'Assommoir Anglais*. It would be rather hard on Mr. Jenkins to accuse him of having written an English *Nana*, though there would be certain grounds for the accusation. It seems more likely that, having had his attention called to the subject of dangerous performances, it struck him that he would improve the occasion in his usual fashion. *Lisa Lena*, however, cannot be considered in any way a success. It is not quite absurd enough to laugh at, except now and then, and it is not interesting enough to read. Except the horse-and-dog fight, there is no one of those bright imaginations which have generally illuminated Mr. Jenkins's productions; and even that passage is not worked up with half the picturesqueness of, let us say, the tar and feathering in *Jobson's Enemies*. In parts it really seems as if Mr. Jenkins had made a collection of cuttings about circuses and women athletes, and had written this book to work them up. The mysterious apparition of Heenan is the only place in which we directly recognize any historical person; and, as the pugilist has nothing to do in the book that Smith or Brown might not have done, his appearance is not very intelligible. Scattered incidents, however, such as the trimming of a tiger's claws, are easily recognizable as old friends in the corners of newspapers. It is less pleasant to record the fact that Mr. Jenkins (or is it Miss Lisa Lena?) knew a Queen of the Caribbees who had all her teeth pulled out by the misadjustment of the apparatus by which she was to support a weight. She seems to have got over it, however; and perhaps the simultaneous drawing of all one's teeth (it is not said that she broke her jaw) could not be much more neatly or conveniently effected if there were occasion for it. On the whole, unless Mr. Jenkins has been privileged to put into literary form the actual experiences of some music-hall *Diva*, we do not quite see the *raison d'être* of *Lisa Lena*.

HENRY VENN.*

WHATEVER may be the shortcomings of this Memoir, the compilers cannot be charged with undue haste. Eight years have elapsed since Mr. Venn's death; the materials of his biography were from the first ready at hand; and we doubt not that a considerable number of expectant readers have been looking for the publication of this book. The hindrances which have delayed its issue are, the principal author informs us, of little concern to the public; and the fact that we are obliged to refer to Mr. Knight as the principal author witnesses to the inartistic structure of the book. It is, in fact, two books, each of which goes over much of the same ground. We have 140 pages of Memoir, written by his two sons; then we have 400 pages which profess to describe his "Secretariat"—which is, indeed, sufficiently done for all practical purposes in the previous Memoir; and we have an Appendix, also contributed by his sons, on African Commerce. There is, consequently, no attempt at unity in the book; but, in spite of these draw-

backs, it has a limited interest even for the general reader, who will care little for the laudation of Evangelical principles or for the Church Missionary Society as the apotheosis of these principles—which, indeed, is the burden of the story from beginning to end.

To the general reader the sketch of Henry Venn's early days is a sketch of the doings and manner of life of the "Clapham Sect" in the first years of the nineteenth century. His father was rector of Clapham. The present parish church, then called the New Church, had been built a quarter of a century before to the order of the Vestry, who stipulated for "a strong church," and received that "hippoglyph of art" which Lord Teignmouth, in a letter contributed to this volume, describes with contentment, and not without regret that "it has not been able altogether to escape the touch of the restorer inside." Amid all the calls which were made on a prominent clergyman of his school, the Rector of Clapham found it consistent with his parochial duties to take pupils. Thorntons and Barings, and other wealthy Evangelical parents, were glad to send their boys to receive their early education from the Rector of Clapham, who could hear their lessons only between 8 and 9 A.M., and left them to themselves in the schoolroom for the rest of the day. In 1813 Henry Venn was transferred to the care of Professor Farish, who lived near Cambridge; the following year he entered himself at Queen's College, and in 1818 graduated B.A. as nineteenth Wrangler. He found himself at once in the same atmosphere at Cambridge which he had breathed at Clapham. Simeon had nearly lived down opposition; he and his followers represented the only school which gave any prominence to religion. If a young man had aspirations higher than his fellows, he attended Trinity Church, and went to Simeon's rooms for his Friday evening classes. No other method of satisfying his religious aspirations was open to him. Undergraduate life must have been very dull in those days. Probably, if we knew more of it, we should find that it did not compare favourably with our own days, in which amusement has been magnified into a science. We are told (p. 17) that "there was no boating whatever in the modern sense of the term; no boat club existed till long after this date." To men who could not afford a horse, walking was the only available exercise, and took the shape of a hurried constitutional (always in cap and gown) after the 3 P.M. dinner, and before chapel at 5 or 6 P.M.

Ordained on his Fellowship in 1819, he had some difficulty in finding a curacy which would give him the pastoral work which he desired. His particular views and those of his friends and party did not commend him to incumbents who wanted a curate; he, too, was not easily to be satisfied in his choice of an incumbent. At length he found one to his mind in the person of the Vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, who spent half of the year in another benefice, and whose bad health rendered him at all times incapable of doing much work. Here, then, Venn had a population of six thousand souls, and among them he worked for nearly four years, visiting every house, but taking care to post the parish beadle at the door of houses of indifferent fame until he made his exit in safety, a precaution which we have never met with in any other records of parochial labour. From Fleet Street he was moved to an uninviting parish, Drypool near Hull, then in the gift of Wilberforce, and after six years, to his great delight, was presented to a vicarage in Islington. The next seven years are a record of parochial work and of broken health which led to his being absent for two whole years; and in 1841 he became the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, an office which he filled until within a few weeks of his death in 1872.

With this event the interest in his biography is, for the general reader, at an end. Venn was essentially a partisan, and laboured with a single eye to party ends for the Society which was for practical purposes himself. The Church Missionary Society was founded in 1799 as a distinctly partisan organization, and its original character has been carefully maintained; indeed it seems to us to be the one partisan society or association against which Bishops' charges do not fulminate. Perhaps the fact that this Society has a gross income of some 200,000*l.* wins for it the abstention from criticism which is freely bestowed on less wealthy associations. This same large income is a puzzle to some persons who are not behind the scenes. The Evangelical party is admitted by its own members to be in a very decided minority; it lays very moderate claims to learning; and indeed, in the obvious lack of that talent, it is inclined to depreciate it in others, and to substitute for it, as altogether superior to critical acumen or powers of analysis or synthesis, the very indefinite endowment of "possessing the root of the matter." Low Church incumbents who still survive lament that they cannot get graduate curates who will accept the aphorisms of those whom they call the "Fathers of the Evangelical School"; and Simeon Trustees, and other patrons of the same way of thinking, admit that it is impossible adequately to fulfil the terms of their trusts by reason of the death of men who will swallow the whole Calvinistic system. The Clapham Sect has disappeared root and branch; in very few churches can we now hear the doctrines in which that sect trusted as the whole body of revealed truth; and yet the Church Missionary Society year by year has added to its income, and, presumably, to its influence. But the Church Missionary Society is the inner citadel, the last stronghold, of the descendants of the "Eclectic Society" of 1799. Its income is appealed to by Low Churchmen as the real test and gauge of the power of the Evangelical party; pew rents may melt away, churches may change hands and doctrines, other schools of thought may come

* *Memoir of the Rev. H. Venn.—The Missionary Secretariat of Henry Venn, B.D.* By the Rev. William Knight, Rector of Pitt Portion, Tiverton, and formerly Secretary of the C. M. S. With an Introductory Biographical Chapter and a Notice of West African Commerce by his Sons, the Rev. John Venn, M.A., and the Rev. Henry Venn. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

to the front, criticism, whether patristic or neologian, may shake the faith even of those who were counted faithful—these are not portents seen and known of all men; but an increased income of the Church Missionary Society, proclaimed in the early days of each recurring May, by a titled President, to sympathetic crowds in Exeter Hall, is trumpeted throughout the Evangelical world, and accepted as evidence of the corresponding dominance of the Low Church school. Nay, more, to some zealous partisans the Church Missionary Society becomes an objective article of faith more real, more fruitful of intensest devotion, than any that is to be found in the generally received Christian symbols. The Bishop Designate of Liverpool, for example, declared a few weeks ago on the congenial boards of Exeter Hall that “he should tremble for the very Ark of God if anything were to go wrong in Salisbury Square.”

At the head of such an association as this any but a thorough-going partisan would be out of place. Mr. Venn realized what would be expected of him, and threw himself into the work with glee. He was an astute, diplomatic man, always ready to draw up a lengthy memorandum on any subject, and in pious phraseology to claim for his Society the fullest liberty, and to assert, even to the verge of contradiction, its entire consistency as a Church Society. The fundamental law of the Society declares that “a friendly intercourse shall be maintained with other Protestant societies engaged in the same benevolent design.” This was, so his biographer tells us, thoroughly congenial with Mr. Venn’s spirit; he wished to send a special deputation to Ireland in the height of the revival of 1860 to secure some of the subjects of that emotional crusade for the foreign work of the Society; he was on terms of great intimacy with the officers of Dissenting organizations; he deprecated the appointment of a bishop for Madagascar out of deference to the objections of the Congregationalists, and because the Bishop was to be “sent out by the authorities of the Church under the Jerusalem Bishopric Act.” The reason given is worth quoting in view of recent and notorious facts. Mr. Venn, in one of the lengthy memoranda which he had so great a facility in drafting, wrote (p. 342):—

In the case of a colonial bishop the case (*sic*) is altogether different. The Society’s missionaries are, as a matter of course, placed under any colonial bishop whom Her Majesty may appoint, and the Church Missionary Society has never hesitated to uphold his authority. But in the case of a bishop consecrated under the Jerusalem Act the law gives a discretion, and therefore lays upon the parties concerned the duty of exercising such discretion as to the desirableness of accepting his authority.

This was written in 1871. We believe that almost the foremost objection urged against the Bishop of Colombo during the recent dispute, which was a matter of public knowledge, was that his lordship, being appointed by Her Majesty, was not fitted to lead the work of missionaries to the heathen.

But, while thus professing sympathy with every phase of Protestant thought, Mr. Venn was careful to make known that the Society interpreted this principle in a very limited way. Thus (p. 181) he claimed that “the Society had resisted the temptation to assimilate its proceedings to the necessary latitude of a National and Endowed Church”; “the Canons and Usages of the Church and the decrees of Councils” are declared (p. 199) to be “too obscure and uncertain a rule for general guidance.” In the days of the Indian Mutiny some zealous clergymen in Somersetshire established a Missionary Candidates’ Association, and asked permission to send candidates for approval to Salisbury Square; but this was declined in a lengthy minute, the gist of which was that all candidates must be selected “according to the practice and principles of the Society.” We have heard that a favourite test of soundness with the Society is the answer given to the question, “Was the baptism of Simon Magus accompanied by regeneration?” Another minute with the inevitable “H. V.” appended, pledges the Society to take no cognizance of missionary meetings or sermons “where the object is not the independent support of the Church Missionary Society.”

A Society nominally connected with the Established Church, but so thoroughly a law unto itself, must inevitably come into collision with bishops, especially when, claiming to be “the rallying-point for all who are zealous on the Lord’s side,” it finds itself related to bishops whom it places in another category. When it was founded there were only two colonial bishops, and these in America, which was outside its sphere of operations. It early came into collision even with Bishop Daniel Wilson of Calcutta, and from time to time similar contentions have arisen. We believe that the Committee have two or three such cases on hand at the present time. Strange to say, it finds its defence in the precedent of “the voluntary brotherhoods of the middle ages, the salt of the corrupt Christianity of that time” (p. 223). The Society avails itself of the Act of Parliament passed in 1819, by which the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London were empowered to ordain “for the colonies” without the usual title (an Act passed when there were only three bishops in the foreign dominions of the sovereign, and which might be well allowed by our prelates to fall into abeyance now that the colonial episcopate is everywhere established), and then thrusts the clergy thus ordained into colonial dioceses, applying to the bishops for license to them to minister in “the districts to which they have been assigned. This is done on the understanding that licences will not be refused, nor, when granted, be revocable, except for some assigned legal cause” (p. 209). Thus the bishops become the mere ministers of a dominant Committee in England, and episcopacy is reduced to a shadow.

In all these arrangements much astuteness has been displayed,

and whatever credit attaches to such diplomacy is due to the subject of this memoir. Thus to his party he became a hero; his secretarial chair was called his “throne”; his biographer writes of him as “a prince and a great man in Israel.” We should expect nothing less; but outsiders, taking a more dispassionate survey, will rate him less highly. They will mark his narrowness of view. His Life of Xavier, which engaged his leisure for fourteen years, showed how impossible it was for him to appreciate the labours of any but his own party. He declared that Roman missions serve a good purpose when in juxtaposition with Protestant missions, as affording a warning against a nominal Christianity; and this from a man who claimed to have made missionary work the study of his life, and who may be expected to have known something of the vigour and extent of the Roman Catholic missions in China. The biographers have thought well to devote 110 pages to the “Instructions to Missionaries at their Dismission,” which the Committee of the Society are in the habit of delivering by the mouth of the secretary. There is in these addresses an assumption at once of absolute authority on the part of the Committee and of passive obedience on the part of the missionaries which strikes us as exaggerated and hollow. To those who know that each missionary has at least consented to his fixed destination, if he has not chosen it, there is something unreal in such a sentence as “You, Brother —, are appointed to Sierra Leone”; and the phrase occurs, *mutatis mutandis*, again and again. But we must refrain from further criticism. The book is not altogether such a one as we are wont to read, and we cannot say that we are anxious to meet with others of the kind. To persons who can assimilate it it will appear to be brimming over with unction; for ourselves, we forbear to describe our sensations with more exactness.

PULLAN’S CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.*

MANY as are the books on this subject, there appears to be room for one or two more. A man who thoroughly knows an art or a science can usually make himself interesting, even though he has nothing absolutely new to tell. Mr. Pullan’s lectures are elementary in the sense that, knowing what he talks about, he is able to select what is necessary to make his meaning plain, and can leave out judiciously. Brevity has been studied rather than ornament—indeed some passages are a little too much like leaves from a note-book—but that is no fault in a book of this kind. First principles are carefully stated, exceptions and side issues being avoided. Thus Mr. Pullan in his first chapter, devoted to the rise of the Romanesque style, gives a simple yet complete outline of the history of the Basilica. When the Christians were first able to seek out public places of worship they were not minded to employ the temples already existing. The worship of idols had defiled them, while the arrangements for sacrifices and the darkness of the interior chambers unfitted them for the use of congregations. The courts of justice offered a better model. They were oblong, often divided into aisles by ranges of columns. The tribunal was at one end, in the form of a semicircular recess. This apse was, together with a portion of the hall in front of it, fenced or screened off. Nothing could be better fitted for Christian worship. There was an elevated platform for the altar; the due separation of the ecclesiastics from the laics was provided for by the *cancelli*; the separation of the men from the women, according to the custom then prevalent, by the division into nave and aisles. “There was a raised throne for the bishop, and lower seats for his presbyters—a crypt beneath for the bones of the martyrs—and a porch for the penitents.” Thus does Mr. Pullan put the basilican theory into its most elementary form; and the few reflections which follow, though they may serve to impress the theory upon a student, really add nothing to it. As the cross, says Mr. Pullan, was exalted and changed from a badge of infamy into a sign of honour, so the hall of judgment, a hall like that in which Pilate sat, became the type of the Christian Church. In this way the Romanesque or corrupt Roman style arose. The columns used in the erection of religious basilicas were taken from the temples, and corresponded to each other in height alone. The exterior was plain, but the interior was made to glow with colour. There are no basilicas of the primitive period remaining which exhibit all the original features; but St. Paul’s Without the Walls at Rome was only destroyed by fire in 1823. It was of the time of Theodosius, and extremely simple and complete. St. Peter’s, the predecessor of the great church, was of the same character, but was removed in 1506. St. Clement’s, in the same city, interesting as it is from its exhibition of early arrangements, has now been proved, by the irrefragable evidence of excavation, to stand upon the earlier basilica. At Trèves, on the Moselle, is an actual basilica converted to religious uses by, it is said, the Empress Helena. It was partially rebuilt in the beginning of the eleventh century, but retains its ancient features. The founding of Byzantium by Constantine gave a new departure to church-building, and the architects, who “had an affectionate recollection of the magnificent cupola of the Pantheon,” endeavoured to imitate it. The dome of St. Sophia became “the progenitor of a numerous offspring, which the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, the tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo, and the Kremlin at Moscow respectively represent.” The present St. Sophia, however, is not the original of

* *Elementary Lectures on Christian Architecture.* By R. P. Pullan. London: Stanford. 1879.

Constantine, but a copy by Justinian, who exclaimed, when he saw the result of his orders, "I have outdone Solomon." To the same period and style belongs the church of San Vitale at Ravenna; and another Byzantine building in Italy is St. Mark's, Venice, which is still substantially what it was in the tenth century. Mr. Pullan, observing that St. Sophia has been altered and shorn of its beauty by the Mahometans, describes St. Mark's carefully, as a typical church in the Byzantine style.

So much has recently been written in what can only be called a rhetorical style about St. Mark's that Mr. Pullan's simple description is refreshing. In calling it, however, a mixture of mosque and cathedral, we wish he had not indulged in the "nice derangement of epitaphs" which led him to say that "in it we behold the 'contemplative dome' of the East, side by side with the aspiring pinnacle of the North." We may remind our readers, though the description may be a little trite, that the west end is low and broad. This end faces the Piazza, for St. Mark's, unlike many other churches in Venice, stands, in the English fashion, east and west. The five western doors lead into a long porch, extending the whole width of the building. Such a porch is not unknown in England—at Fountains, for example. Three doors lead into the nave from the porch. The plan consists of five squares arranged in the form of a Greek cross. Over each square is one of the five great domes. A screen divides the eastern arm or square from the nave, thus forming a chancel. The uneven pavement is tessellated in interlacing circles of agate and jasper; the monolithic columns are of porphyry and verde-antique; the roof throughout is of gold mosaic, covered with many coloured figures; yet with all this variety of hue there is no gaudiness. So little light is admitted through small arched windows in the upper part of the building that the contending tints are sobered and harmonized.

Mr. Pullan has a good deal to say about English church architecture in the present century. He sensibly remarks that, though the architects of the new Constantinople may be said to have been driven by the force of circumstances into the invention of what was practically a new style, "we cannot divest our minds of the recollection of what others have done before us; therefore most of our efforts at novelty result in buildings which have no distinctive character, but which are mixtures of all known styles." Accordingly he classes the efforts of modern church architects as either *Eclectic*, combining parts from each style; or "of the *New Light*," of those who would have a new style for our churches; or *Antiquarian*, of those who would faithfully copy old examples; or, lastly, the school of *Development*, consisting of those who, "taking a point of departure, would therefrom proceed to develop the architecture of the future." His own sympathies would appear to be with the last. "No one," he remarks, "who has not got the true feeling for Gothic ought to belong to it." The difficulty lies, of course, in the point taken for departure. Upon what principles, he asks, did the old architects build? Pugin, on the one hand, thought the true plan lay in ornamenting the necessary construction. Mr. Ruskin, on the other, asserts ornament to be a principal part of good architecture. Some, too, say that symbolism was observed by mediæval architects. Mr. Pullan seems certain that the growing principle of ancient Gothic lay in the fact that the builder made the best use of the best materials. So far as this idea goes it is undoubtedly right; but Mr. Pullan shows that it may be pressed too far. Pointed arches were best where only small masses of stone, or still smaller bricks, could be obtained; but with large stones and with cast iron a different set of circumstances comes into play. He advocates a very restricted use of iron; and suggests that, if we are to use Gothic architecture, we should employ the ordinary building materials in an intelligent way, taking our departure, not from the first Pointed style, which was incomplete, nor from the fourth style, which was no improvement on the third, but from one of the intermediate stages. In the chapter on style and proportion in Gothic building Mr. Pullan develops a theory as to the use of triangles, as affording "governing lines" for a design; but the greater part of it is taken up with a condemnation of "Eclectic Gothic," and of the "hybrid Elizabethan, or that negation of style known by the name of another good queen." He is strongly opposed to anachronisms in design, and complains that too often in the same church you may find "lancet windows, plate tracery, and flowing tracery side by side; four centred arches and geometrical tracery," or the mouldings of all periods intermixed. With regard to proportion, Mr. Pullan observes with much force that, though many architects scout the idea of proportion in Gothic altogether, "we may be certain that there is no good architecture without good proportion."

In one serious matter we must find fault with Mr. Pullan's lectures. All through the volume we find a spirit of antagonism to amateur interference in architecture. "Surely those engaged in the practice of building ought to know the most about the principles of architecture." No doubt they ought; we all ought to do many good things that we leave undone, and to leave undone many things that we do. An architect ought to know something of art. He should have an eye to the picturesque. He should have an acquaintance with the great works of his predecessors. He should understand a little painting and a great deal of sculpture. Barristers and architects have this in common, that neither of them can know too much outside their own special province. But a survey of the buildings of, say, London would demonstrate two remarkable facts; one, that great architects, men of renown, do not always know style, proportion, picturesqueness, good building, or sculpture; and the other, that some of the best buildings we have were designed by amateurs. Sir Edmund Beckett

pointed this out long ago. Indeed, if we mistake not, he calls even Inigo Jones an amateur. Sir Christopher Wren was one certainly. And among the writers on architecture whom Mr. Pullan most frequently cites and most implicitly believes in we find the names of Ruskin, Parker, Petit, Bloxham, Fergusson, Freeman, Webb, Glynn, Willis, Whewell, and Kerrich, all, if we mistake not, amateurs. He speaks of the possibilities of a purist school; and, mentioning the names of no fewer than seven great writers on architecture, remarks that, had they combined for the advancement of correct art, "our churches, instead of being mixtures of all things rich and rare, would have been harmonious compositions, recalling the best productions of the Middle Ages." But all the seven names are those, not of architects, but of clergymen, lawyers, college dons, publishers—anything, in fact, but the very men into whose mouths Mr. Pullan would put the question (p. 56):—"What are we about that we should find it necessary to be instructed by amateurs?" It may be that we mistake Mr. Pullan's meaning. If so, the fault must lie on his side, for undoubtedly the effect of his expressions is what we have described. Pugin, Mr. Street, and Sir Gilbert Scott are perhaps the only English architects whose writings can compare with amateur work. It is, indeed, a pity that the "purist school" for which Mr. Pullan longs was never established; but had the professionals listened to the amateurs, all would have gone well. It may not be too late. We have run, in the time of a single generation, through all the styles, from Edward I. to Queen Anne. If the architects have learnt wisdom from failure, now is the time for a new departure. Gothic, as Mr. Pullan observes, is our national style. It is capable of further development, not in a downward but an upward direction. We do not make the best of the materials in our hands as our ancestors did with what they had. We are willing to believe that there may be a bright future in store for a pure school of English architecture, though we see but comparatively few signs of it at the present hour of unrestrained eclecticism; but Mr. Pullan and all other architects may rest assured that they will not establish it by despising the freedom and independence in work which are the characteristics of the amateur.

JOHN DAVIS, THE NAVIGATOR.*

IT is nearly three hundred years since Queen Elizabeth granted her letters patent empowering Adrian Gilbert and others to find a passage "northwestward, northeastward, or northward," as best they could, "unto China and the Isles of Moluccas." Captain John Davis, one of these associates, made the first of his three North-western voyages in 1585. In the summer months of that and of the two following years, this skilful and intelligent Devonshire mariner sailed again and again up the Strait or Sound that still bears his name, leading to the Bay which was explored by William Baffin some thirty years later. The Hakluyt Society's collection of reprints is now enriched by a volume containing the original narratives of these early steps towards English maritime discovery in the Arctic regions, together with those of Davis's less famous adventures in the South Seas and the East Asiatic Archipelago, where he was killed; and with his writings upon subjects of geography, navigation, and seamanship. These papers, accompanied by Captain A. H. Markham with a suitable introduction and frequent explanatory notes, afford an interesting historical study.

One of the collateral disquisitions clears away several mistakes concerning the biography of this John Davis, of Sandridge, Stoke Gabriel, near Dartmouth. He has been confounded with a Captain John Davis of Limehouse, in the service of the East India Company, who was imprisoned by the Dutch in 1617, and who was also the author of a "router" or book of sailing directions. The error, begun in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, was repeated by Dr. Kippis and Sir John Barrow, and latterly by Mr. J. A. Froude in *England's Forgotten Worthies*. The true Captain John Davis of North-west Passage exploration was a country neighbour of the Gilberts and their kinsman Raleigh, and their associate when they came to London. It was in January, 1583, that they were introduced to Walsingham, the Secretary of State, at the house of Dr. John Dee, the mathematician and astrologer, who had known them several years. "And so talk was begun of the Northwest Straights discovery," says Dr. Dee's journal of that date; and the very next day "we made Mr. Secretary privy of the N. W. passage, and all charts and rutters were agreed upon in general."

We get an incidental glimpse, here and there, of the characteristic excitement, caused by various motives, among the company of projectors. Adrian Gilbert, an enthusiastic idealist, petitions the Queen for licence to establish "the Collegiate of the Fellowship of New Navigations Atlantical and Septentrional." Dr. Dee was in favour with her Majesty, who one day rode through Mortlake and stopped to see him and Mr. Thomas Hudson, of the Muscovy Company, both of them dwelling there. A tenth part of the "gold and silver ore, pearls, jewels, and precious stones," which Adrian Gilbert was to fetch from the East Indies by his expected North-west Passage, would belong to Elizabeth. She and Secretary Walsingham had been led to consider also the great political and commercial advantages of the proposed exploit.

* *The Voyages and Works of John Davis, the Navigator*. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Captain Albert Hastings Markham, R.N., F.R.G.S. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

These are eloquently set forth in Davis's later writings. It would be "a deadly horror to her adversaries," for the Spaniard, who vaunted himself so great a monarch, and "Commander of both Indias," would be fairly cut out, and must "return to his old trade of figs, oranges, and oil." Davis says this in his dedication of *The Seaman's Secrets* to Lord Howard of Effingham, whom he neatly compliments upon his defeat of the "huge supposed invincible" Armada. He reminds the Lords of the Council, in his *World's Hydrographical Description*, that India would open a profitable market for English manufactures of woollen and linen cloth, fustians, seys, programs, and other commodities, which too often "lie dead upon our hands." Above all, "there is no doubt but that we of England are predestinated to be sent unto these Gentiles in the sea, to those isles and famous kingdoms, there to preach the peace of the Lord." In the minds of English, as of Spanish and Portuguese maritime and colonial adventurers in that age, there was a mixture of religious with political ambition; "for are not we only set upon Mount Sion to give light to all the rest of the world?" It is a spirit readily allied to that of mercantile enterprise. Gilbert and Davis soon found a company of sufficient London capitalists, headed by William Sanderson of the Fishmongers' Company, who gave his niece in marriage to Sir Walter Raleigh, and who was "merchant for marine causes" to the Queen. The merchants of Exeter and Totnes, however, supplied a large share of the costs of Davis's second voyage.

The first voyage, from June to the end of September 1585, is related by John Janes, nephew and clerk to Mr. Sanderson, acting on board as supercargo. Davis commanded two small barques, one of fifty tons, the other of thirty-five—namely, the *Sunshine*, of London, with twenty-three persons on board, and the *Moonshine*, of Dartmouth, with nineteen, Captain Bruton in charge of the latter. Sailing from Dartmouth on June 7, they were delayed by contrary winds nearly three weeks at Falmouth and at "New Grymsbie in Sylley," but Captain Davis used the time wisely, making a survey and chart of the Scilly Isles. On July 19 or 20 they were amidst the floating ice off the south-east coast of Greenland. It seemed, at first, "the most deformed, rocky, and mountainous land" that ever they saw. Captain Davis therefore named it the Land of Desolation; but after getting round its southern shores, and passing up the inner westerly coast, to latitude 64 degrees 15 minutes, he found many green and pleasant isles, lying off Gilbert Sound, which is now called Godthaab. The sea here was "void of the pester of ice," which had rather alarmed his crew by the "irksome noise" it made; the air was temperate, and the country soon proved to be inhabited by a friendly race of people. These harmless Eskimos, allured by the playing of musicians who landed from the ships, came near to dance, and swore an eternal peace by pointing to the sun, beating their breasts, and shouting "Ilyacut!" The Englishmen admired their canoes, their dresses of seal-skin and bird's skins with feathers, and their docile behaviour. Thence departing, and crossing what is known to us as Davis's Strait, new shores were reached, and waters to which the names of Exeter Sound and Totnes Roads were fondly given in remembrance of Devonshire. There also, to this day, Cape Walsingham bears record of the official patron of the enterprise; and "a very brave mount, the cliffs whereof were as orient as gold," is designated Mount Raleigh. We are reminded of Raleigh's fondness for splendid dress. Captain Davis, in this first trip, did not go beyond the 67th degree of north latitude, but turning southward found the entrance to Cumberland Gulf or inlet. Relics of fugitive Eskimos were picked up on the islands; among them was a sledge, and tame dogs were met, one with a collar about his neck. From the set of the tides and currents, and from the sight of whales beyond, the nautical geographer here thought himself near a great western sea.

It seems to have been always Davis's opinion that somewhere in those parts lay the most northerly coast of the great island of America, the Pacific Ocean shore trending up in that direction. His idea of its probable conformation may be understood by imagining the open sea to extend from near Vancouver Island to Hudson's Bay. If that were indeed the case, there would be a tolerably safe, easy, and commodious western passage for our traffic to China and the Asiatic Archipelago. The arguments upon which Davis relied are set forth in his *World's Hydrographical Description*. He lays much stress on the proofs of America being an island, which we now know that it is, but he could not be aware that it extends to above 73 degrees north latitude. He was misled also by the fabulous story told in a Spanish history of Mexico, that in 1540 Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, marching up the coast of California, met ships laden with merchandise, having their prows ornamented with gold and silver figures of birds like pelicans, which had sailed in thirty days, as he believed, from Asia. There was, besides, the fact mentioned by Cornelius Nepos, that, when Gaul was a Roman province, "certain Indians, saying out of India, were by tempest driven upon the coasts of Germany." It could not be supposed that they had come either round Africa, or round the north of Asia; "therefore it must needs be concluded that they came by the north parts of America." Such inferences and such evidence may provoke a smile; but Davis's conjecture of an immediate opening from the Atlantic into the Pacific was not at all unreasonable. He might well expect to find it either in Cumberland Gulf or Hudson's Strait; and if nature had so provided, the commercial and political value of the discovery to England in that age could not be overrated.

Davis himself is the historian of his second expedition, from

May to September of 1586. He had a larger squadron to start with, but the *Mermaid*, his biggest ship, had to be sent home with invalids, and a small pinnace was lost in a storm. The *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine* also parted company, and no further geographical discovery was made; but some codfish were caught and salted, of which gifts were presented to Secretary Walsingham and Lord Treasurer Burleigh. In Davis's third voyage, that of 1587, with the ship *Elizabeth*, of Dartmouth, the *Sunshine* again, and a pinnace, he passed far within the Arctic Circle. He gave the name Hope Sanderson to a point of the interior or western Greenland coast, in 73 degrees north latitude. The ice in Baffin's Bay stopped further navigation; and Davis returned southward along the opposite shore, visiting Cumberland Gulf once more, Lumley's Inlet, and the entrance to Hudson's Bay, which was yet unknown. At the last mentioned place he found the sea in great agitation, from eight or nine successive furious currents, "races or overfalls, lothsomely crying like the rage of the waters under London Bridge," and pouring into the gulf. We quote from his own notes to his "traverse-book" or log-book.

The remaining contents of the volume before us, after taking account of what belongs to the history of Arctic or North-western discovery, have some interest as serving to illustrate the practices of seafaring life, and of rather unscrupulous traffic and warfare, in the Elizabethan age. We are led all round the globe in the company of some bold buccaners, to see how the Spaniards and Portuguese, the English and the Dutch, were accustomed to dispute the opportunities of plundering "Indians," meaning every barbarous nation they approached by sea. John Davis held no chief command of the several expeditions here related, to the Azores, to South America and the South Pacific, and to Sumatra and the Straits of Malacca. His social position and character, in spite of Captain Markham's friendly attempts to explain away unfavourable contemporary allusions, cannot but appear to us rather shady. We are very willing, however, to acquit him of the base treachery of wilfully deserting Cavendish's expedition, in 1592, in the Straits of Magellan. The narrative of that disastrous expedition, by Admiral Cavendish himself, who died on the voyage home, may be compared with John Janes's pathetic account of what befel the *Desire*, the ship entrusted to Captain Davis, this statement being evidently prepared for his exculpation. Not less interesting, as an episode of our naval history, is Edward Wright's spirited description of the Earl of Cumberland's performances in the Azores, in 1589, with a squadron to which a vessel commanded by Davis was attached. But it does not appear that Davis's vessel was with the squadron in the homeward voyage, or shared the extreme distress of the other ships in the Bay of Biscay, the dreadful scarcity of water, and the strange experiences on the west coast of Ireland. There is a strong probability of his having served under the Earl of Essex in the attack on Cadiz in 1596; but he is next found as chief pilot in a Dutch mercantile voyage to the Malay principality of Acheen, the north part of Sumatra. Davis wrote the story of this adventure, which is here reprinted from Purchas's *Pilgrims*, and, though it seems highly coloured, is still worth reading. The two brothers Houtman were chief commanding officers of the *Lion* and *Lioness*; but one of them was slain, with a large number of his men, by a sudden and insidious attack from the Malays while feasting on board ship, and the other was taken captive. Both ships were then safely brought home to Holland by our brave countryman, who survived to encounter a similar tragic fate in 1605. He was fifty-five years of age when he thus met with his death, and was on his third voyage to the Straits of Malacca. His second, from February 1601 to September 1603, was in the capacity of "pilot major" to the *Red Dragon*, one of the English East India Company's first squadron of vessels under Captain Sir James Lancaster. The last voyage, which proved fatal to Davis, was made by him as pilot of the *Tiger*, a vessel fitted out by Sir Edward Michelborne, who personally commanded, as it appears, without regard to the East India Company's exclusive privileges. It is evident that Michelborne wrote the report given by Purchas which is here reprinted. A gang of Japanese pirates, whose vessel lay alongside the *Tiger* in a harbour not far from Singapore, were imprudently permitted to come aboard for hospitality. Michelborne says that Davis neglected to keep proper guard, or to remove their weapons; however that may have been, they attempted to seize the English ship, and in the fighting he and other men were killed. The claims of this active and ingenious navigator to rank among our true naval heroes may seem, after all, in some degree liable to question; but the documents connected with his memoir deserved the cost of reprinting them, and the pains which their editor has bestowed upon them.

An account will also be found here of the remarkable pair of globes, terrestrial and celestial, constructed by Emery Molyneux for Sanderson, which are kept in the Middle Temple Library. To the connoisseur of geographical antiquities there will be equal interest in the autotype facsimile of a map of the world attached to the three-volume folio edition of Hakluyt Voyages in the year 1600, upon which Mr. C. H. Coote offers some remarks. It is designed on the principle usually styled Mercator's Projection, but its author was probably the Edward Wright above-named, who was an accomplished mathematician, astronomer, and teacher of navigation. A biographical list and brief account of the men of science in this department, foreign and English, to the end of Elizabeth's reign, is supplied in an appendix to this volume.

Among these is Gerard Kauffman, or "Mercator," whose chart was published in 1569, but he did not make known the principle, which was left to be re-discovered by Edward Wright, and taught by him to Hondius the Dutch engraver. The Hakluyt map of 1600 is supposed to have been that noticed by Shakspeare, "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies," in Act iii., Scene 2, of *Twelfth Night*. It recorded the very latest geographical discoveries of that date, including not only Davis's Straits, but the coast of northern Novaya Zemlya visited by the Dutchman Barents in 1596. Perhaps the original draft of this map, as well as Molyneux's globe, was displayed in the Middle Temple Hall when *Twelfth Night* was acted there. It is suggested that a glance at its upper outline would show what Shakspeare alluded to:—"You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard."

WHITE WINGS.*

MR. BLACK'S latest novel of yachting life is as unlike as it well can be to the one in which some two years ago he introduced his readers to ocean scenes. That book—*MacLeod of Dare*—contained, it will be remembered, a somewhat daring introduction of incidents as romantic and thrilling as those of Bouchard's melodramas into the surroundings amidst which they would be least expected. It is possible that the shortcomings which are to be found in Mr. Black's latest work may be due to the system of magazine publication, which, if it has some advantages, certainly has also many disadvantages both for writers and readers. We cannot speak from personal experience, for we always avoid reading books—books, at any rate, from which real enjoyment may be expected—in driplets; but it seems probable that while the effect of *White Wings*, as a whole, cannot be regarded as completely satisfactory, each part as it appeared in a magazine may have been very pleasant reading. At the interval of a month there would be little or no perception on the reader's part of the iteration which in the pages of a three-volume novel, read at one or two sittings, cannot but produce a somewhat wearisome effect. *White Wings* has, in fact, less resemblance to a novel in the ordinary sense of the word than it has to the books which used to be published under the heading of *Diaries or Travels*. There is, of course, a thread of story running through it, and there are some not ill-conceived sketches of character; but the real meaning and life of the book is found in the descriptions of things and scenes which the author's keen eye and memory have observed and retained. It is perhaps needless to say that many of these descriptions are vivid and charming; but, as we have hinted, when they are all gathered together and put before us in the guise of a three-volume novel, the good effect which they might have when presented singly is unavoidably diminished. The leading idea, or, in other words, the idea which enables the thread of story to run on through the three volumes, is a variant on the perhaps too familiar notion of the noble-minded girl who wishes to sacrifice herself for her lover's good, disregarding the facts that his idea of what is good for himself is that he should marry her, and that, if she has any glimmering of consistency, she ought to accept his ideas as better than hers. It is a well-recognized superstition, if not a fact, that women are apt to be inconsistent; but it may be doubted whether such instances of inconsistency and mistaken self-sacrifice as novelists love to exhibit are very frequent in real life.

In *White Wings* the hero for whom the mistaken self-sacrifice is made is a young doctor of extraordinary attainments, to which his conversation does not always do justice. When the love affair between the heroine and himself begins she is in possession of what is called a competence, and things go smoothly enough in his courtship, which is conducted on board a yacht in delightful weather. His duties call him away, and it is patent to everybody that nothing but the strongest feeling could induce him, devoted as he is to his profession, to give a promise of returning later on at the risk of losing time of special value. Meanwhile the girl's little fortune disappears, and he is met with coldness on her part when he returns. Apparently inexplicable changes in the behaviour of half-engaged people are certainly not uncommon, and such changes are often enough happily explained away, and traced either to an absurd mistake, or to the strange malignity of some third person, or possibly to some such notion of self-sacrifice as is employed in *White Wings*. Only it is not likely that such a girl as Miss Avon would be so silly as to practise this particular form of self-sacrifice with regard to such a man as Dr. Sutherland. She thinks that his career will be crippled or retarded if he marries a girl who has no money; and, on the other hand, she knows that he is desperately in love with her, and sees that he is made very unhappy by her amazing change of conduct, which it costs her much unhappiness to keep up. The difficulty is solved by the generosity of a pleasant old gentleman, who is half in love with Miss Avon himself, and who has been wholly bent on marrying her to his favourite nephew; but who, with a keenness which might not be expected from him, takes in the situation, and devotes himself to setting things right. In the treatment of this

incident, and of the character of the old gentleman—the Laird of Denny-mains—Mr. Black makes up for a good deal of what may seem disappointing in the rest of his book.

It must, however, be remembered that if *White Wings* is disappointing as a novel, it is attractive as a book to take up and dip into. One can open it almost at random and get from it a sense of freshness and picturesqueness which, to people who have been enduring the heat of London, is pleasant, although the pleasure may not be unmixed with envy. The author's full and apparently spontaneous descriptions of scenery in this book are as accurate and as picturesque as any that he has ever written, and the subjects which he has chosen or fallen upon are some of the most beautiful that exist. We take at random one quotation:—

Fairer and fairer grew the scene around us as the brave *White Dove* went breasting the heavy Atlantic rollers. Blue and white overhead; the hot sunlight doing its best to dry the dripping decks; Iona shining there over the smoother waters of the Sound; the sea breaking white, and spouting up in columns, as it dashed against the pale red promontories of the Ross of Mull. But then this stiff breeze had backed to the west; and there was many a long tack to be got over before we left behind the Atlantic swell and ran clear into the Sound. The evening was drawing on apace as we slowly and cautiously steered into the little creek of Polteriv. No sooner had the anchor rattled out than we heard the clear tinkling of Master Fred's bell; how on earth had he managed to cook dinner amid all that diving and rolling and pitching?

And then, as we had hoped, it was a beautiful evening; and the long gig was got out, and shawls for the women-folk flung into the stern. The fishing did not claim our attention. Familiar as some of us were with the wonderful twilights of the north, which of us had ever seen anything more solemn, and still, and lovely than these colours of sea and shore? Half-past nine at night on the 8th of August; and still the west and north were flushed with a pale rose-red, behind the dark, rich olive-green of the shadowed Iona. But what was that to the magic world that lay before us as we returned to the yacht? Now the moon had arisen, and it seemed to be of a clear, lambent gold; and the cloudless heavens and the still sea were of a violet hue—not imaginatively, or relatively, but positively and literally violet. Then between the violet-coloured sky and the violet-coloured sea, a long line of rock, jet black as it appeared to us. That was all the picture: the yellow moon, the violet sky, the violet sea, the line of black rock. No doubt it was the intensity of the shadows along this line of rock that gave that extraordinary luminousness to the still heavens and the still sea.

It is also fair to repeat what has been said above, that some of the characters are well sketched—one can hardly say well drawn, for they are shown to us merely as passing figures, one phase of whose life is exhibited to us. It is only a practised hand that can make sketches of this kind; but if Mr. Black had been guided somewhat more by a purely artistic feeling he might have reflected that three volumes make up a heavy setting for such sketches. Some first-rate novelists have delighted in this kind of work, and as instances of this one naturally thinks of Mérimée, of M. Turgénieff, and of Mr. Henry James, who is, consciously or not, a successful disciple of both those distinguished writers. But neither of the three authors just named has tried the dangerous experiment of fitting their sketches to the Procrustean bed of the English circulating library.

In *White Wings*, John of Skye, the Laird of Denny-mains, and the Laird's nephew stand out as living characters. There is one capital scene in which the nephew, Howard Smith, and John of Skye, the skipper of the yacht, play principal parts. John is devoted to Dr. Sutherland, with whom he made his last cruise, and who to his other accomplishments adds a profound knowledge of seamanship. Therefore the substitution of Howard Smith for the doctor is not altogether pleasant in John's eyes. "Good morning, sir," he says at the gangway as Smith comes on board:—

"Good morning, captain," the young man says lightly; and he springs too quickly up the steps, making a little bit of a stumble. This is not an auspicious omen.

Then on deck: the handsome figure and pleasant manner of this young man ought surely to prepossess people in his favour. What if his tightly-fitting garments and his patent-leather boots and white gaiters are not an orthodox yachting rig? John of Skye would not judge of a man by his costume. And if he does not seem quite at home—in this first look round—every one is not so familiar with boating life as Dr. Sutherland. It is true, an umbrella used as a walking-stick looks strange on board a yacht; and he need not have put it on the curved top of the companion, for it immediately rolls over into the scuppers. Nor does he seem to see the wickedness of placing a heavy bundle of canvases on the raised skylight of the ladies' cabin; does he want to start the glass? Dr. Sutherland, now, would have given the man a hand in hauling up the gig. Dr. Sutherland would not have been in the way of the tiller, as the yacht is released from her moorings.

Just afterwards, when the skipper has relieved Miss Avon at the helm, he remarks to her suddenly, "Ay, ay, it is a great peety," and to her inquiry as to what he means, replies, "It is a great peety that Mr. Sutherland not here, and he wass know so much about a yacht, and day after day not a breeze at ahl." Upon this Miss Avon blushes, and the unhappy Smith blunders deeply by mixing up Sutherland with a man of the same name who is entirely unlike him. Of these characters, however, one sees at once too little and too much, for the space which their adventures occupy. The book is, in fact, disproportioned. Many of its pages are charming as a record of yachting experience, and many others are attractive in that they contain some very pleasant and kindly observations of character; but the attempt to string the whole together by means of the not very brilliant love story of which we have spoken cannot be regarded as altogether fortunate.

* *White Wings*; a Yachting Romance. By William Black, Author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

NORTH AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.*

MR. SHORT'S work on the ancient races, the prehistoric, pre-traditional civilizations of North America, has in some respects disappointed us. The subject is one of profound interest; the information collected is extensive, important, recent, and constantly increasing; and while as yet no definite conclusions respecting the origin and relations of the perished races of the New World have been or can be framed, each new work containing new facts, the records of further and later explorations, ought to furnish fresh guidance and new grounds at least for conjecture—ought at any rate to advance our general knowledge of the subject a few steps, to point to the direction in which the truth may be sought, and those in which all further inquiry is mere waste of time. Mr. Short has gathered together a quantity of valuable material, but has arranged it very badly; he has failed to distinguish properly between the prehistoric and merely monumental civilizations and those which, fading or flourishing, were still in existence at the period of the discovery and of the Spanish conquest, and has overlaid his work with a mass of speculation, absurd conjectures, and needless refutation. He has added something to the store of fact already gathered, but little or nothing towards the elucidation of the gravest, most difficult, and most profoundly interesting problems which the subject affords.

In Mexico and Central America at the time of the Spanish invasion there existed, we need hardly say, a great, powerful, well-organized empire, surrounded by the relics of more or less civilized nations, some of which had certainly, some probably, been broken in the course of ages by the growing strength of the Aztec monarchy. With these, however, we are not at present concerned. Mr. Short has told us much that is interesting, but little that is new upon this subject. It is clear that the Mexicans possessed and had long possessed a science, especially astronomical, which contrasts strangely with the barbarism of their religion and the practical defects of their social and political system. Their calendar especially, while very intricate and elaborate, was actually far superior to that then received in Europe, and accorded almost exactly with the true course of the seasons. The Mexican system rendered it possible to determine very exactly the dates of historical events as far back as their monumental records extended; and thus a people without an alphabet, and almost without a true system of writing, were able to preserve for ages materials which, but for the senseless vandalism of the conquerors, might have enabled the historic skill and archaeological science of the present day to reconstruct their annals from the beginning. But the foundations of Aztec power had almost certainly been laid on the ruins of a previous scarcely less mighty, and perhaps not less elaborate, civilization, of which their records preserved but scanty and incidental notices. This prehistoric civilization, which occupies in the story of the New World something like the same place which that of Assyria or Egypt fills in that history of the Eastern hemisphere which antiquarian science is now labouring to reconstruct, may roughly be called Maya, by the name of the race to which its most striking and elaborate monuments, its best preserved remains, seem to have belonged. Enough of the language of this race can still be traced, partly from their monuments, partly in the dialects spoken long after the Spanish conquest by some broken tribes of Central America, to enable Mr. Short to present us with a translation of the Lord's Prayer into that almost forgotten tongue; for purposes of comparison with which he has given us the same document in the Aztec speech, showing, we think, that the languages, though widely different, belong to the same family. South America, again, had at least one civilization of its own, perhaps hardly less ancient, and yet more curious than that which, geographically so near, appears to have had little or no direct relation and no striking resemblance to it.

But by far the most interesting, and at the same time most bewildering and least intelligible, of the monumental civilizations of the New World is that of the race—apparently in some way more or less distantly related to the Mayas and their successors the Nahuas—which extended itself, it would appear, throughout the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and indeed over the greater part of what are now the Eastern United States. The grand primary and fundamental distinction between the monuments of Central and Northern America lies in their respective material. Like nearly all those monuments of the Old World which, buried for ages, are now being exhumed to throw light upon the thoughts and life of long-forgotten races, the dwellings, the temples, the cities, the fortifications of Mexico and the Isthmus are of stone, now and then intermingled with brick. Their builders had a peculiar arch and pyramid of their own. It seems at first sight difficult to conceive a civilization sufficiently strong, organized, and advanced to leave behind it monuments that have survived more than one tide of conquest and destruction, and yet apparently possessing neither the rudiments of the literary art nor the knowledge of iron, nor, it would almost seem, any skill in brick-making. It is the strange combination of power and knowledge shown in the construction of their monuments, with such ignorance of the arts by which elsewhere civilization has been created and protected and its monuments preserved, that gives such especial and unique interest to the relics of the great Mound-building race that once ranged over the greater part of the vast territory between the Mississippi and the mountains of the Atlantic seaboard. Bricks they had, for the most part

sun-dried and moulded by hand. It may be conjectured that the burnt brick here and there discovered in the mounds has been hardened, not by fire directly and intentionally applied for the purpose, certainly not by the artificial baking of the individual bricks, but by the lighting for sacrificial or other purposes of great fires against the brick wall after its construction. But generally the mounds are constructed solely of earth; and their gigantic size, their elaborate and perfect arrangement, the wonderful mathematical skill displayed in the tracing of their outlines, and, above all, the extraordinary forms they often assume, render the character of the civilization which could achieve such marvellous feats, and yet was so deficient in much simpler and easier arts, perhaps the most curious of all archaeological problems.

It is, of course, primarily to the nature of the soil they occupy that the peculiar character of these monuments must be ascribed. That soil, singularly wanting in rock or large stones upon or near the surface, no doubt primarily determined many of the most important conditions of social and political organization among the people that possessed it. It is clear that they needed fortifications; for they constructed defences so strong, displaying so much knowledge, ingenuity, and such an accumulation of spare human power, that the defeat, and apparently the extirpation, of the race that built and occupied them by enemies not civilized enough to have left any succeeding monuments of their own is utterly inexplicable. Great numbers of the mounds proper seem to have been constructed as foundations for towns and collections of dwellings more or less extensive; smaller ones served as watch-towers and beacon-stations; others probably to elevate temples, others to mark the burial-places of chiefs or princes; others, built with great accuracy in the form of animals, had no doubt some more or less superstitious purpose which at present it is hopeless to conjecture. One of these, in the shape of an elephant—a creature that has not existed in America for thousands of years—raises another and a very different question, a question enforced by the recent discovery of a pipe, if it be a pipe, carved yet more distinctly and unmistakably in the same form. The Mound-builders must have been an agricultural people, and their agriculture, since it could spare so many hands for non-productive labour, must have been of no mean character. The number and enormous size of their earthen works, together with the vastness of the region over which they range, from Northern Mexico far into Missouri, Illinois, and Ohio, seem to imply the existence of a great and united empire, probably of a powerful and well-organized despotism. A sort of subterranean chamber found in one of the minor mounds confirms the inference which the absence of stone and the rarity of brick suggests, that the buildings which must have crowned the elevated mounds and filled the interior of the fortified squares and circles were of wood, which throughout a great part of the territory of the race must have been as plentiful as other materials were rare. They were probably not addicted to navigation, since they seem to have penetrated and commanded the shores of the great lakes so far as to carry on a most elaborate process of copper-mining for many generations in security, and yet not to have extended their fortifications, or probably their habitations, so far northward. They had cloth woven with considerable dexterity by means of shuttles of stone, many of which are still preserved. They had pottery, often very graceful in outline, often reproducing—as did their earthen structures on a larger, and their carved stone emblems on a smaller, scale—the forms of animals and birds, sometimes, though more rarely, ornamented by some sort of graving tool. They certainly had copper, and seem to have had bronze; but nearly all the weapons and instruments preserved are of stone. Of pipes, or rather pipe-bowls, or what are supposed to be such, carved out of stone for the most part in the shape of animals, no small number have been found and are preserved in various local museums. Should it be confidently assumed that these are really pipe-bowls? Or may they not have served the purpose of those ancient small Etruscan and Latin lamps to which they bear no little resemblance? The forests that have overgrown the mounds, often of very great age, imply a long, unhappily a wholly undefined, interval between the disappearance of the builders and the discovery of their structures by civilized men. In one or two cases accumulations of earth above or around their foundations testify to a greater age than could be confidently inferred from the tree-growth above them. It may be observed, again, that the savage tribes who at the time of the discovery of America ranged over the entire region, once evidently occupied by a people who must have outnumbered their successors a hundred or a thousand-fold, retained no tradition of a preceding race conquered or driven southward by their fathers; not a single legend that even pretends to account for the existence of the marvellous monuments of human labour and power which they seem hardly to have noticed. One thing, at any rate, is almost certain: the Mound-builders had some relation—genealogical, historical, or commercial—with their neighbours to the southward. There exist between their earthen structures and the stone monuments of the Mayas and Nahuas resemblances which can hardly be accidental—which are in fact as close as could be expected among branches of the same race politically and geographically separated and obliged to use materials so utterly different.

The lately discovered remains of the cliff-dwellers and builders of the so-called stone pueblos in the central region of the Northern continent possess far less archaeological value. The numerous very small chambers constructed in clefts or caverns of the rocks, often, strangely enough, at a great depth or height—either word seems equally applicable—in the vast walls of the cañons of the Colo-

* *The North Americans of Antiquity; their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization Considered.* By John T. Short. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

rado, were evidently the refugees of a feeble, endangered, oppressed race, seeking in almost inaccessible hiding-places safety from the malignant pursuit or cruel tyranny of enemies against whom they had no hope of contending. Now it is quite possible that these enemies may have been no other than the Spanish invaders, a view confirmed by one or two passages in Spanish records, in which case they have neither antiquarian nor historical value. Or they may have been the refuge of some weak remains of a race like the Mayas, from the fierce warriors of the Red Indian tribes, after the latter had become masters of all the habitable portions of the central and eastern regions north of the Rio Grande. There are, however, in the same region fortresses of a different character, refuges no doubt, since they are too small to have been intended as the regular dwelling-places of tribes numerous enough to have constructed them; towers of stone, sometimes encircled by a threefold wall, and capable, it would seem, of defence for an almost indefinite period against such enemies as the tribes which the white man found in possession. But as yet it seems impossible to form any conjecture as to their date, the history, or the connexions of their builders; and they are too few and too insignificant to possess any of that pathetic and profound interest which attaches to the remains of races so numerous, so powerful, so civilized, as must once have been the Mayas and the Mound-builders, which have yet perished so utterly, and left behind them no records but the structures which show that they must once have been great in peace and mighty in war.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ANOTHER section is added to Professor Koerting's history of Italian Renaissance literature by an elaborate monograph on Boccaccio (1), the sequel to his previous biography of Petrarch. These two famous men may almost be said to constitute between them the Italian literature of the fourteenth century, and their mutual relations may be not unaptly compared to those of Johnson and Goldsmith. Petrarch is the literary dictator of the epoch, the man whose absolute supremacy no one in his own day dreamed of disputing, and who still remains the most characteristic representative of his age. Boccaccio, who would never even in thought have presumed to compare himself to his friend and master, is in truth the brighter as well as the livelier genius, and is to us the fresher and more interesting personage. He is, nevertheless, equally with Petrarch a type of the Renaissance, and it is in this point of view that Dr. Koerting, writing rather as a literary historian than as a biographer, principally considers him. He justly points out that classical and mediæval elements were harmonized by Boccaccio in such a manner as to afford a pattern to succeeding writers, and impart richness and variety to a literary movement which would otherwise have incurred great danger of pedantry and one-sidedness. The remark is of course applicable rather to the more ambitious compositions of Boccaccio than to the one which has chiefly immortalized his name. Dr. Koerting, whose estimate of his hero generally keeps on the safe side of enthusiasm, is particularly reserved in his treatment of the *Decameron*, whose freedoms he views in a more serious light than has usually been thought necessary by literary historians. The superiority of the *Decameron* to Boccaccio's other works is, indeed, not contested by him; but his sympathies are rather with the latter, especially with the *Fiammetta*, on the strength of which he claims for Boccaccio the creation of the modern novel. The romances of the ancients, he points out, depend chiefly upon a succession of incidents; it is in the *Fiammetta* that we first meet the analysis of feeling and the portraiture of character which make the charm of the modern novel. The *Filicopo* and *Teseide* are also very favourably treated; the story of Troilus and Cressida, as told in the *Filicopo*, approximates dangerously to burlesque, and Shakespeare has shown a more correct appreciation by treating it as a tragedy-comedy. It has not entered into Professor Koerting's plan, or been compatible with his limits, to discuss Boccaccio's influence upon other writers, especially Chaucer, who owes him so much, and the bent of whose genius is so strikingly like his own. The biographical part of the subject is very carefully treated, but not much can be added to what has hitherto been known. Boccaccio's countrymen would no doubt have transmitted his history more carefully if they had suspected his worth; but the full appreciation of the founder of a literature is, from the nature of the case, reserved for posterity. It is significant that the epitaph by Coluccio Salutati, evidently designed as a lofty panegyric, absolutely ignores Boccaccio's vernacular writings.

The second volume of A. Ebert's valuable history of mediæval literature (2) is devoted to the Carolingian period, beginning with the revival of letters under Charles the Great, and continuing down to the death of Charles the Bald, a weak prince, but a patron of learning. In his zeal for literature, as well as in every other particular, Charles the Great showed himself immensely in advance of his age, and, although the visible fruits of his interference were small, the impulse which he communicated was never lost. It was beyond his power to create genius, and, tried by any elevated standard, the direct literary production evoked by him and his successors appears almost contemptible; but his formal recognition of the place which literature ought to occupy

prevented the very conception of the literary character from perishing out of Latin Christendom. The only spots where letters flourished apart from his patronage were the Irish monasteries and their Continental offshoots, and it is a legitimate subject for congratulation that the only two writers of the period whose names have become illustrious—Alcuin and Joannes Scotus—belonged to these islands. The latter was undoubtedly a commanding genius, who would have ranked among the great teachers of mankind if he had lived at almost any other time. The annalists, hagiographers, and wretched poets with whom Herr Ebert has principally to deal would be most uninteresting but for their relation to the general history of culture. It is a marvel that his pages should be, as a whole, so spirited and readable.

Dr. Wieseler's investigations into the history of apostolic Christianity (3) are animated by a conservative spirit, and display fairness and moderation as well as learning. He confines himself to those parts of the New Testament whose genuineness is recognized by all, with the object of proving even from these that there is no foundation for the theory of a fundamental discrepancy between the teaching of St. Paul and that of St. Peter. In his treatment of the Apocalypse he is evidently, though no doubt unconsciously, influenced by an anxiety to make out John the Elder's title to the book, in order that the Fourth Gospel may be reserved for the Apostle. In the course of his argument he ascribes Chapter xxi. of the Gospel and the Second and Third Epistles to the Presbyter, notwithstanding the palpable difference between the style of these compositions and that of the Apocalypse.

Professor Overbeck's contributions to the New Testament Canon (4) consist for the present of two essays, one on the reception of the Epistle to the Hebrews as an apostolic writing, the other on the Muratorian Canon. He shows that the Epistle was for a long time as persistently rejected in the West as it was accepted in the East, and contends that its Pauline origin could only be admitted when the genuine Roman tradition of St. Paul's teaching had been lost. This moreover occurred about the time of the Arian controversy, upon which some passages in the Epistle were thought to have a bearing. In his essay on the Muratorian fragment Professor Overbeck disputes the opinion of Harnack, that it embodies the views of the Canon current early in the second century, and seems inclined to bring both its age and its authority down as low as possible.

Richard Lipsius (5) has added to his numerous investigations of the ecclesiastical legends of the early Christian centuries an examination of the curious cluster of tales which grew up in connexion with Abgarus, King of Edessa, who was supposed to have corresponded with Christ, and to have transmitted his portrait to posterity, and to have written to the Emperor Tiberius respecting him. The affinities of the legends of St. Veronica and of the Invention of the Cross to the same mythical cycle also form a subject of inquiry.

Schopenhauer (6) was thirty years without a disciple, almost without a reader. At present the mere list of the books and articles in which reference is made to him occupies ninety pages octavo of a special bibliography. Many of these references are slight or occasional, and in some other instances the connexion with Schopenhauer is very remote. After all deductions, however, enough remains to constitute a very remarkable proof of the power of genius to triumph over the hostility of cliques and coteries. The compiler has prefixed an introduction, in which he endeavours to improve upon Schopenhauer's pessimism, and to approve himself more logical and consistent than his master.

A society of German naturalists is turning the Darwinian theory (7) to account by an application of the principle of natural selection to the elucidation of some of the numerous problems still in need of solution in the various fields of physical inquiry. Our countryman Mr. Grant Allen's work on the colour sense has been translated for this series, and affords a fair example of its general character. Dr. Du Prel is probably premature in the application of the principle of the survival of the fittest to the solar system as a whole, and his essay, though interesting, contains little that is specifically Darwinian. Herr von Reichenau's investigations of the nests and eggs of birds are strictly biological. He rejects Mr. Darwin's theory of the cause of brilliant colour in birds, in favour of Mr. Wallace's, to which he makes some interesting additions. Dr. F. Schultze endeavours to deduce general laws of language from the observation of children's first attempts at speech.

Parts X. to XII. of T. Simons's richly illustrated work on Spain (8) complete the description of the capital, including an account of the national museum of pictures, with its wonderful treasures from the pencil of Velazquez. The remainder is devoted to Toledo, the most characteristically Castilian of Castilian

(1) *Boccaccio's Leben und Werke*. Von Dr. Gustav Koerting. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendlande*. Von Adolf Ebert. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Zur Geschichte der Neutestamentlichen Schrift und des Urchristenthums*. Untersuchungen von Dr. Karl Wieseler. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Zur Geschichte des Kanons*. Zwei Abhandlungen von F. Overbeck. Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Edessenische Abgar-Sage*. Kritisch untersucht von R. A. Lipsius. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Die Schopenhauer-Literatur*. Versuch einer chronologischen Uebersicht derselben von F. Laban. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Darwinistische Schriften*. Nos. 8-10.—*Die Planetenbewohner und die Nebular-Hypothese*. Von Dr. Carl Du Prel. *Die Nester und Eier der Vögel*. Von W. von Reichenau. *Die Sprache des Kindes*. Von Fritz Schultze. Leipzig: Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Spanien*. Von T. Simons. Th. 10-12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

cities, and most perfect architectural monument of mediæval Spain. The railway has now deprived the journey to Toledo of its most picturesque features, but the city itself remains nearly unchanged.

The main purpose of Rudolph Westphal's (9) elaborate theory of musical rhythm is to show that the rhythm of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and the other great modern masters corresponds in essentials with the precepts of classical musicians as conveyed in the treatise of Aristoxenus. As the canons of art are the same everywhere, this conclusion may be accepted as probable by readers unable to follow Herr Westphal's abstruse method of proof—an abstruseness due to no want of lucidity in the writer, but to the intricacy of the subject and the scantiness of material as far as classical music is concerned.

After all the interest excited by the Ober Ammergau Passion Play (10), it seems somewhat strange that it should be left to Herr Hartmann to publish for the first time the materials out of which the standard text of 1662 has been compounded. Even this latter, it appears, has not yet been fully edited; but Herr Hartmann gives sufficient extracts and notes to establish its derivation from two performances of earlier date—the Augsburg Passion Play formerly in the library of the monastery of St. Ulrich and St. Afra, now first published by Herr Hartmann from a manuscript written about the end of the fifteenth century; and another drama of the same nature by Sebastian Wild, printed along with other pieces at Augsburg in 1566. The existing representation at Ober Ammergau, as a regular performance, dates from a vow made by the inhabitants during a pestilence in 1633; but it is probable that similar exhibitions had previously taken place at irregular intervals.

With the exception of a short essay containing hints on the origin of language, T. Benfey's *Vedica und Linguistica* (11) consists of discussions of the niceties of Sanskrit grammar, intelligible only to advanced scholars, to whom the author's name will sufficiently recommend them.

Petzholdt's bibliography of the books and essays relating to Dante (12) since 1864 only, is a fairly astounding proof of the critical and exegetical attention devoted to the poet, an attention greatly in excess of his actual popularity or real influence upon human thought. If, however, his circle is limited in comparison with Homer's or Shakespeare's, the sentiment he awakens is more intense, and a real student hardly seems to think he has done his duty by his author until he has earned a niche in Herr Petzholdt's bibliography.

It is no unusual thing for a newspaper to celebrate some special anniversary by the publication of a jubilee number; but the *Kölnische Zeitung* (13) affords the first example, so far as we remember, of a journal inditing its own autobiography. The occasion has been afforded by the present exhibition at Düsseldorf, to which the proprietors of the Prussian leading journal have very sensibly thought they could make no more appropriate contribution than a volume printed at their own press and embodying their own history. The result is a tall volume beautifully printed in bold Roman type, and accompanied by illustrations more commendable for accuracy of resemblance than for ease of execution. The paper, it appears, was established in 1802, had the honour of being twice suppressed by Napoleon, but reappeared in 1814, and has been published uninterruptedly ever since. It has always been in the same family, and its management has invariably displayed the prudence requisite to ensure its continued existence under hostile and suspicious Governments, no less than the energy that has given it a place in the first class of European journals. It has always managed to be ahead of its contemporaries, and, without incurring serious danger of suppression, has made itself a power with which the bureaucracy is obliged to reckon. At one time the late King of Prussia did not think it beneath him to threaten its existence in a Royal Speech; at another the editor was bribed to betray his principles; the absurd and galling interferences of the censorship were innumerable; but the paper has survived them all, and the freedom with which they are detailed proves, at all events, that liberty has made large advances in Germany since 1848. A considerable portion of the volume is naturally occupied with an account of the great mechanical improvements effected in the typographical department.

L. Anzengruber (14) has collected into two volumes the tales which have gained him a high reputation as a delineator of Austrian peasant life. They deserve their celebrity, being at once perfectly true to nature and redeemed from ultra-realism by extreme tenderness and a genuine spirit of humanity. With unaffected but unobtrusive compassion the author depicts the dark side of the peasant's spiritual existence—poverty and confusion of ideas and stunted or crippled intellect frequently co-existing with

a fine moral nature, capable of acts of self-sacrificing heroism. Of this latter there is a fine example in "Pious Kate," where the heroine is indeed intellectually superior to most of Anzengruber's portraits. The danger of a lively imagination combined with ignorance and simplicity is powerfully shown in the pathetic tale of "Lizzie, the Goose Girl," who loses her reason on discovering that her favourite Virgin is, after all, but a wooden image. Every story has its strong point, and the whole collection shows that Anzengruber possesses a remarkable power of merging his own personality in that of his characters, and looking with their own eyes at the hard problem presented to them by life.

The "banished man" of Heinrich Kruse's tragedy (15) is Corfitz Ulfeld, whose adventures, and still more the protracted captivity of his heroic wife, constitute one of the most remarkable chapters ever inscribed in the romance of real life. History hardly affords a finer subject for tragic delineation than the splendid but mixed character of Ulfeld, a Danish Coriolanus misguided by passion and ambition into the one unpardonable sin of betraying his country, but, unlike Coriolanus, denied the opportunity of redeeming it. The chief fault of Kruse's drama is that Ulfeld is too favourably portrayed, and the tragic effect of mental conflict and self-accusation is proportionately weakened. The author has also sacrificed the contrast he might have obtained by the introduction of Ulfeld's triumphant rival—a better patriot, though a worse man—Hannibal Sebsted.

The *Rundschau* (16) opens with "Saint Barbara," an Italian novelette by H. Hoffmann, too artificial perhaps in its simplicity, but pretty and artistic nevertheless. Hermann Grimm devotes an exhaustive investigation to Raffaele's "School of Athens," especially to the question whether the celebrated philosophical figure introduced into it represents Aristotle, according to its first interpreter, Vasari, or St. Paul, according to its first engraver, Ghisi. He decides in favour of St. Paul, on artistic grounds which may be satisfactory, and on other grounds which seem to ascribe to Raffaele more sympathy with the Reformation than he can well have had. The second part of Karl Hillebrand's excellent article on Belgium treats of the problems which Belgium has yet to solve—national defence, the encouragement of the old national language, and the reconciliation of Church and State. The essay is valuable as the testimony of an enlightened German publicist to the importance and vitality of a State frequently stigmatized as an artificial creation. A traveller from Japan gives some curious particulars of the Ainos, the primitive inhabitants of the northern islands of the Japanese archipelago. Their physical characteristics, it would appear, are by no means Mongolian, and their origin presents a problem of considerable difficulty. Herr Rodenberg contributes some lively sketches of Berlin life; and Mr. C. Grant endeavours to explain the secret of Mr. Carlyle's influence to the German public, who would have had more sympathy with him in the days of Fichte.

(15) *Der Verbannte*. Trauerspiel von H. Kruse. Leipzig: Herzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 6. Hft. 12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

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(10) *Das Oberammergauer Passionsspiel in seiner ältesten Gestalt*. Zum ersten Male herausgegeben von August Hartmann. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Vedica und Linguistica*. Von T. Benfey. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

(12) *Bibliographia Dantæ ab anno MDCCCLXV. inchoata*. Edidit Julius Petzholdt. Novo editio duobus supplementis aucta. Dresdae: Schoenfeld. London: Nutt.

(13) *Geschichte der Kölnischen Zeitung und ihre Druckerei*. Herausgegeben und gedruckt von M. Dumont. Schauberg: Köhn.

(14) *Dorfgänge*. Gesammelte Bauerngeschichten von L. Anzengruber. 2 Bdeh. Wien: Rosner. London: Nutt.

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Guildhall, September 1880.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—By special permission of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, Dr. ZERFFI will deliver **THIRTY LECTURES** on "THE SCIENCE OF GENERAL HISTORY," in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Saturday Afternoons, at Three o'clock, commencing October 16, 1880. A Prize of Ten Guineas will be awarded at the end of the Course for an Essay. For particulars and Fees apply to Dr. ZERFFI, 3 Warrington Gardens, Malda Hill, W.1, or at the Catalogue Stall, South Kensington Museum.

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Information as to the Reading of Papers—which should be sent to the Assistant-Secretary on or before September 20—and other particulars, may be had at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and City Chambers, Edinburgh.

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